NO. 43
PEP
OCT.
The SHIELD
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!
10¢
MLJ
APPLAUD
JUGHEAD! C'MON OVER HERE, QUICK! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!
RELAX, ARCHIE, R-E-L-A-X! I'M HERE!

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 21

HI'YA, GANG!

Boy, I asked for quick action on our new Pen Pal Code Club and I sure got it. Dusty and I have been working like horses going through all the letters that have poured in. Right now, we're still working at it. So, much as I hate to do it, I'll have to wait until our next get-together to give you more complete results.

Before I sign off, I've got a letter here that isn't really official G-Man business, but it's such a swell letter, such a swell thought and such a patriotic gesture that I'm making it official Shield G-Man business and I think you'll agree with me when I tell you what it's about. It's from one of our members, Tony Marudis, of Brooklyn, New York, who just was left $10,000 by his late grandfather, and what do you think Tommy is doing with his money? Half of it is going into war bonds and the other half to the Red Cross. Congratulations, Tommy! Your grandfather would be mighty proud of you if he could know what you're doing. But no prouder than we are, every last member of the Shield G-Man Club. Keep punching, Tommy!

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins
(The Shield)

Here are some of our latest honorary Shield G-Man members:

KENNY WRIGHT
P. O. Box 276
Upland, Ind.

RUFUS H. W. KOPP
R. D. No. 3
Spring Grove, Pa.

DONALD GRIDER
909 Edison Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

JOANNE FRIEDLIN
147 Grandview
Pitman, B. H.

VICTOR RODRIGUEZ
647 E. 138th Street
Bronx, N. Y.

JACK KLINE
216 N. James Street
Waukesha, Wis.

RAYMOND WOODKA
R.F.D. No. 1
Yantie, Conn.

JOHN PUGLISI
149 Chestnut Street
Red Bank, N. J.

FRANK DUNN
Gumberry, N. C.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE .....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

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Invitation TO MURDER

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY the BOY DETECTIVE

JOE HIGGINS HERE'S A GUY, WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD "QUIT"

YEAR BOOK - CLASS OF '36

Dear Joe!
We're looking forward to having you with us at our annual get-together at the Hotel Plaza. Now we B.I. can share you for your college classmate for one evening. Don't disappoint us. Your fellow classmate
Sid Ross

"BIFF" COOK
"CLASS CLOWN"
OUR NOMINATION FOR THE GUY MOST LIKELY TO BE MURDERED! BIFF AND HIS PRACTICAL JOKES— PHOOEY!!

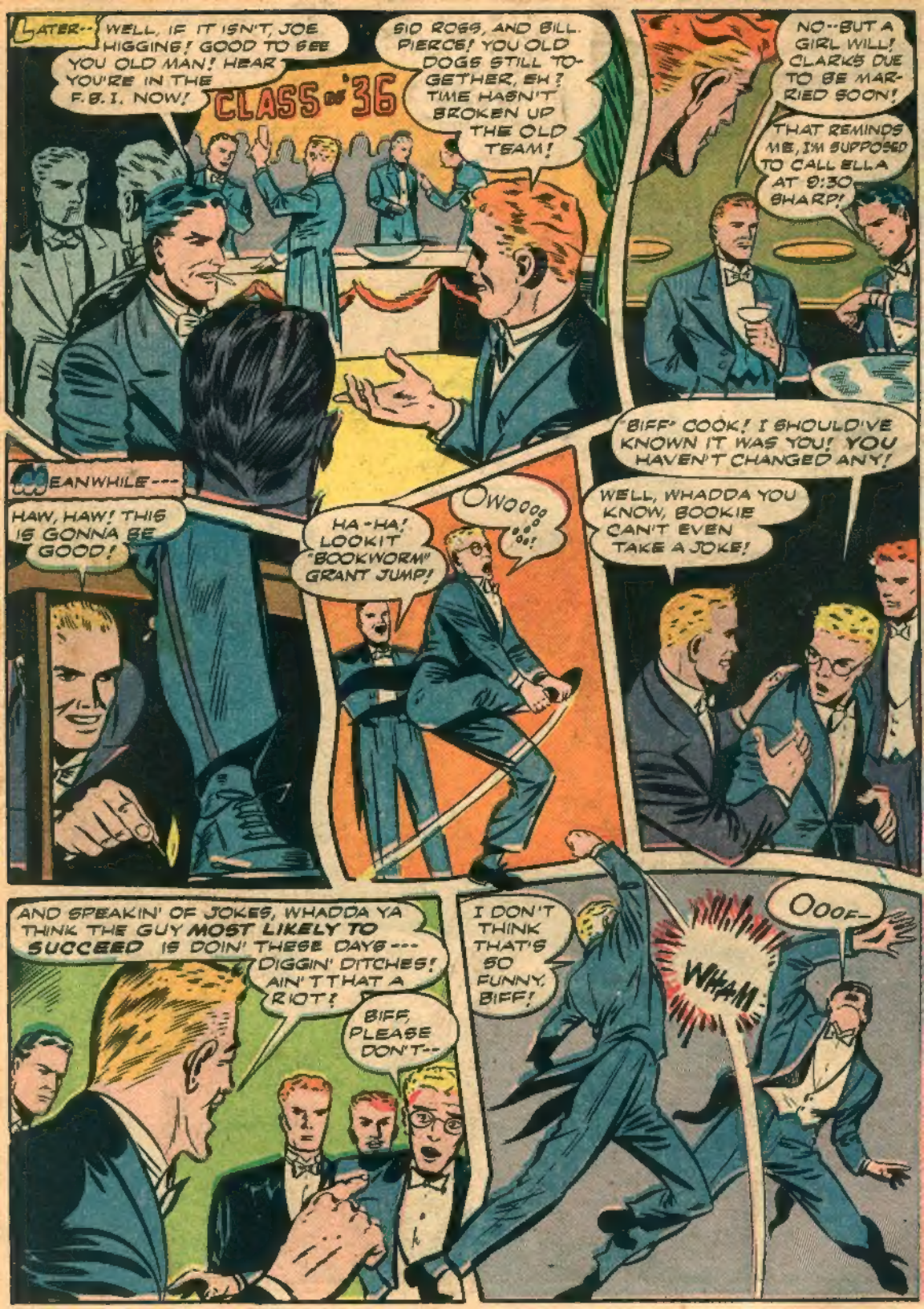
SID ROSS
THE CLASS ATHLETE! SID'S A WONDER AT EVERYTHING HE TRIES— A NATURAL BORN WINNER! AND THE GUY IS SO PUNCTUAL YOU CAN SET YOUR WATCH BY HIM!

BILL PIERCE
THE PERFECT PAL! BILL IS SECOND BEST TO SID IN EVERYTHING BUT LOYALTY! HE'S SID'S CLOSEST RIVAL AND BEST FRIEND!

CLARENCE GRANT
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED— "BOOKWORM" GRANT KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS! IN FACT WE THINK HE WROTE THE QUESTIONS!

by IRVING NOVICK

WELL I'LL BE! HEY, DUSTY, LOOK WHAT JUST CAME IN THE MAILS!
DEAR CLASSMATE: OUR ANNUAL CLASS REUNION WILL BE HELD AT THE GROSVENEUR HOTEL -- AT EIGHT P.M.
Joe Higgins
THIS IS ONE YEAR I'M GONNA BE THERE! GOSH-- I WONDER IF THE OLD GANG STILL LOOKS THE SAME!
CLASS OF '36
"BIFF" COOK! BOY, THERE'S A GUY WHO GOT UNDER EVERYBODY'S SKIN! RICH, CONCEITED AND LOVED A JOKE--AS LONG AS IT WAS ON SOMEBODY ELSE! WONDER IF HE CHANGED ANY?
SID ROSS
BOY! I WONDER IF THOSE TWO ARE STILL THE SAME CLOSE BUDDIES! THEY WERE INSEPARABLE IN THOSE DAYS EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE RIVALS IN ALMOST EVERYTHING! SID ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON BILL THOUGH! WOTTA TEAM!
FIERCE
CLARENCE GRANT! "BOOKWORM" GRANT WE USED TO CALL HIM! BOY IF EVER A GUY WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE A CAREER FOR HIMSELF, HE WAS IT!
GRANT "SUCCESS"
WELL, IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE SHINDIG YOU BETTER HUSTLE! THE INVITE SAYS IT'S FOR TONIGHT!
YEAH--- WONDER HOW IT'LL FEEL TO SEE THE OLD GANG!


LATER--
WELL, IF IT ISN'T, JOE HIGGINS! GOOD TO SEE YOU OLD MAN! HEAR YOU'RE IN THE F.B.I. NOW!
CLASS OF '36
SID ROSS, AND BILL PIERCE! YOU OLD DOGS STILL TOGETHER, EH? TIME HASN'T BROKEN UP THE OLD TEAM!
NO--BUT A GIRL WILL! CLARK'S DUE TO BE MARRIED SOON!
THAT REMINDS ME, I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL ELLA AT 9:30 SHARP!
"BIFF" COOK! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT WAS YOU! YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED ANY!
WELL, WHADDA YOU KNOW, BOOKIE CAN'T EVEN TAKE A JOKE!
MEANWHILE---
HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!
HA-HA! LOOKIT "BOOKWORM" GRANT JUMP!
OWOOOO
AND SPEAKIN' OF JOKES, WHADDA YA THINK THE GUY MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED IS DOIN' THESE DAYS--- DIGGIN' DITCHES! AIN'T THAT A RIOT!
BIFF, PLEASE DON'T--
I DON'T THINK THAT'S SO FUNNY, BIFF!
WHAM
OOOF-

I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO THAT SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS YOU HEEL!
LEMME AT THAT HIGGINS! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!
BIFF WAS ONLY CLOWNING, JOE!
MAYBE SO--BUT IF HE MADE FUN OF ME THE WAY HE DID CLARENCE, I'D HAVE KILLED HIM!
COME ON, JOE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE DONE ANY-THING OF THE KIND, AND YOU KNOW IT!
LATER THAT EVENING--
GOSH! IT'S 9:30 AND I PROMISED TO CALL DUSTY AT 9 O'CLOCK! I'D BETTER CALL HIM NOW!
AS JOE OPENS THE PHONE BOOTH DOOR--
WHAT IN...
IT'S "BIFF" COOK! DEAD WITH A KNIFE THRU HIS HEART!
THIS KNIFE MAY HAVE FINGER-PRINTS ON IT!

CLARK SCOTT COMES UPON THE SCENE!
WHAT'S GOING ON? HOLY MACKEREL!
MY GOD, JOE! HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING?
WHAT? ARE YOU KIDDING? DO YOU THINK I KILLED HIM?
THOSE FOOLS THINK I KILLED HIM! NOW I'M IN A SPOT! IF I DON'T GET OUT OF HERE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THE REAL KILLER!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT! FIRST YOU FOUGHT WITH HIM THEN YOU REMARKED SOMETHING ABOUT KILLING HIM-- AND NOW WE FIND HIM DEAD WITH YOU STANDING OVER HIM--- KNIFE IN HAND!
CALL FOR THE POLICE!
SORRY, BOYS! BUT THIS PARTY'S OVER FOR ME!

THE CALL GOES OUT AND THE POLICE START A DRAGNET---
WHEEEE
THERE HE GOES!
BOY, THAT WAS CLOSE!
PING
PING
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW! HE'S IN THAT ALLEY! YOU RUSH HIM FROM THE OPPOSITE END, DAVE! I'LL GET HIM ON THIS SIDE!
GOTCHA! UMPH--
CLUNK
GOTCHA! UNNNK--

WOW! THIS PLACE IS SWARMING WITH POLICE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!
AND THIS IS IT!
THERE HE IS -- WAIT -- IT'S THE SHIELD!
SHIELD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
OH! I HEARD THE SIRENS AND DECIDED TO JOIN THE CHASE! BUT I THINK YOUR MEN ALREADY HAVE THE FUGITIVE CORNERED IN THERE!
MEANWHILE---
C'MON CASEY! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A HAND!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAPTAIN!
FLASH -- THE POLICE ARE STILL HUNTING JOE HIGGINS, F.B.I. AGENT, FOR THE MURDER OF "BIFF" COOK!
WHAT! JOE BEING HUNTED FOR MURDER!
THAT'S ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT, DUSTY!
SHIELD! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT! ARE THE COPS NUTS!

THE SHIELD TELLS HIS STORY----
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RUN OUT THAT WAY! IT MAKES THE CASE AGAINST YOU EVEN WORSE!
I KNOW! BUT I HAD TO HAVE A FREE HAND TO TRY AND CATCH THE MURDERER!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BIFF'S MURDER THAT'S PECULIAR--- SOMETHING I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT!
WHADDA YOU MEAN! EVERYBODY HATED THE GUY! WHAT'S SO QUEER ABOUT HIS GETTING THE BUSINESS!
BECAUSE THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A PREPARED JOB! YET HOW COULD THE MURDERER KNOW THAT BIFF WAS GOING TO BE IN THAT PHONE BOOTH!
I'M POSITIVE THERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE TO THIS! IF ONLY I---
BY GEORGE! I'VE GOT IT, DUSTY! HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE!
SID ROSS
THE CLASS ATHLETE
SID'S A WONDER AT EVERYTHING HE TRIES! A NATURAL BORN WINNER! AND THE GUY IS SO PUNCTUAL, YOU CAN SET YOUR WATCH BY HIM!
C'MON, DUSTY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
BUT--BUT-- WHA--WHO--

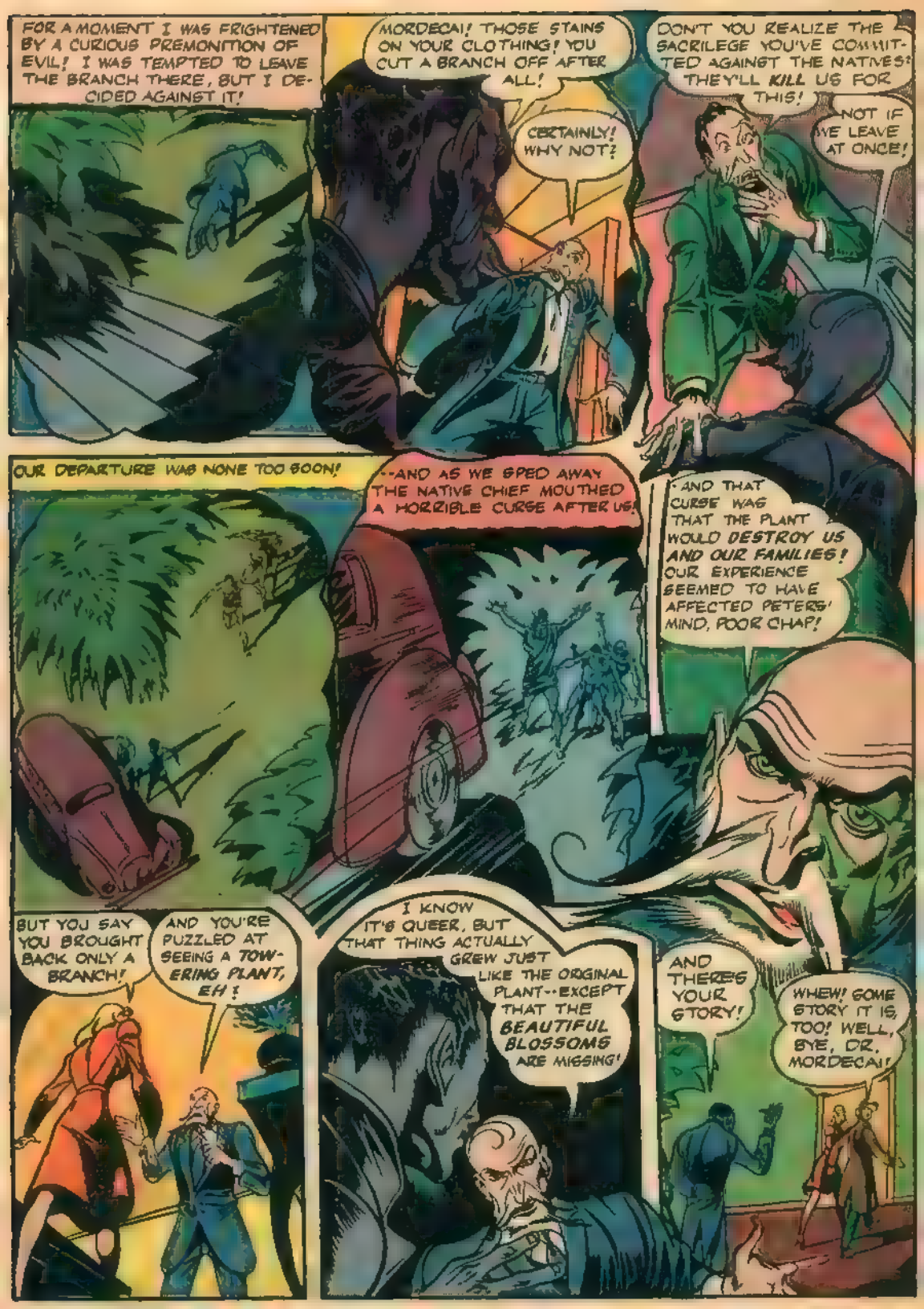
WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN ON SID ROSS!
YOU MEAN YOU FIGURE HE'S THE MURDERER, SHIELD?
I'LL ANSWER THAT QUESTION SOON ENOUGH I HOPE -- IF MY HUNCH IS CORRECT!
A SHOT!... AND IT'S FROM SID'S HOUSE! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK AFTER ALL, DUSTY!
BANG!
THERE'S BIFF COOK'S MURDERER!
HE'S SHOT SOMEONE ELSE! I'LL SEE WHO! YOU CAN HANDLE HIM ALONE, SHIELD!
YOU BET I CAN!
OOMPH!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, SHIELD!
UGH!
UNNNK!
I'M NOT A GAMBLING MAN!

---BUT I'LL TAKE A BET ON THAT!
SPLAT
IT'S GID ROSS WHO WAS ALMOST THE VICTIM THIS TIME, SHIELD! BUT WHO IS THE MURDERER, THEN?
YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!
BILL PIERCE MY BEST FRIEND! BUT--BUT WHY DID HE KILL BIFF?
BE-CAUSE HE MIS-TOOK BIFF FOR YOU, GID! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN IN THAT BOOTH AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT!
YES, BLAST YOU GID! I'VE HATED YOU SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS! YOU BEAT ME OUT AT EVERYTHING--AND I WAS FORCED TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND ACT NOBLE!
BUT WHEN YOU WON ELLA FROM ME TOO, IT WAS THE LAST STRAW! WHEN I FAILED TO KILL YOU AT THE RE-UNION I TRIED AGAIN FIGURING JOE HIGGINS WOULD BE BLAMED FOR THIS TOO!
LATER, BACK AT THE SHIELD'S APARTMENT!
BUT HOW DID YOU FIGURE OUT THE MURDERER, SHIELD!
I DIDN'T DUSTY! I SIMPLY FIG-URED THE INTENDED VIC-TIM!
THAT CLASS BOOK BLURB GAVE ME THE ANSWER! GID HAD A REPUTATION FOR PROMPTNESS! AND EVERYBODY KNEW HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL HIS FIANCEE AT 9:30! SO I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND THE ANSWER TURNED OUT TO BE THE "CHAIR" FOR BILL PIERCE!

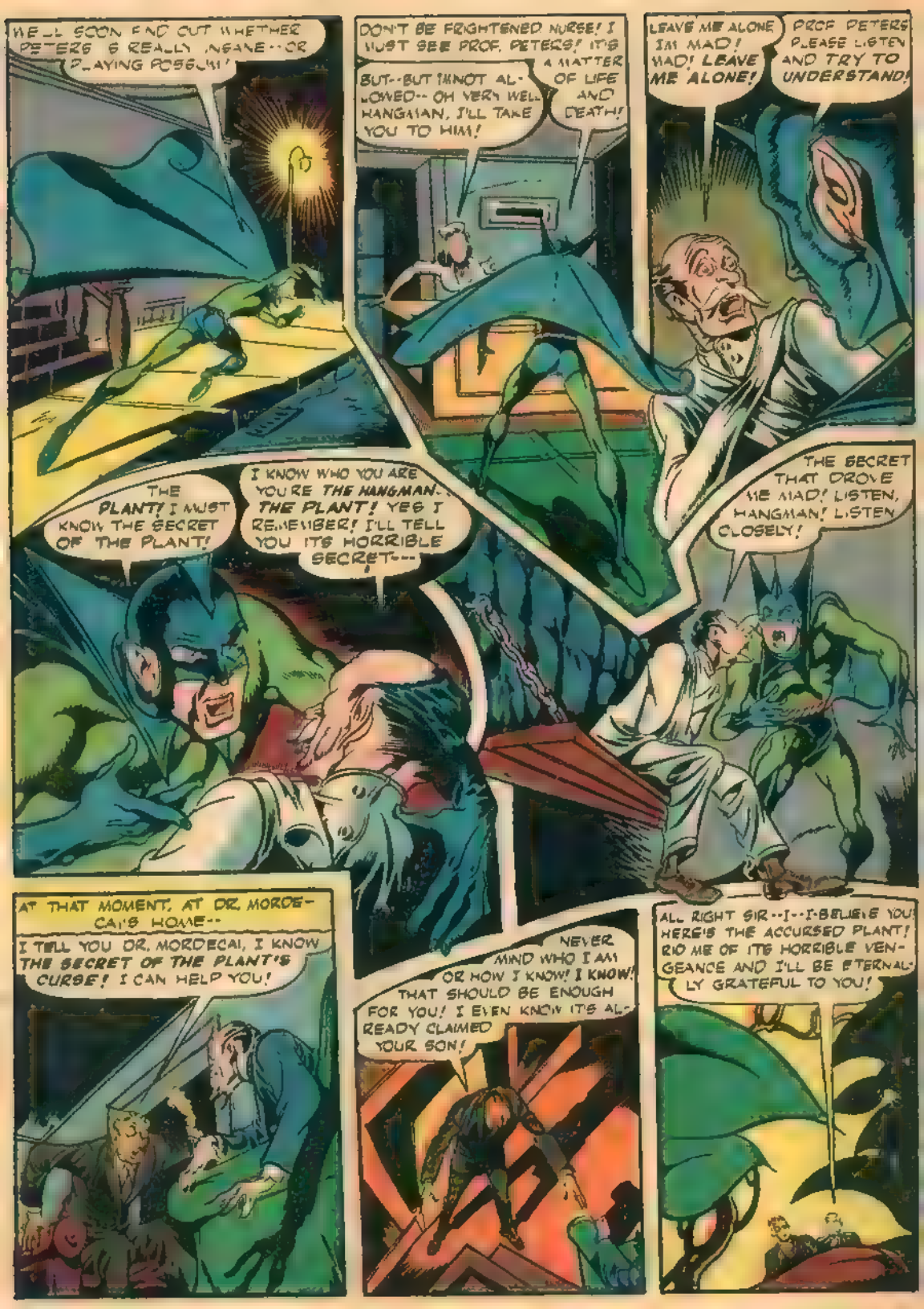
The HANGMAN in
GREEN DEATH!

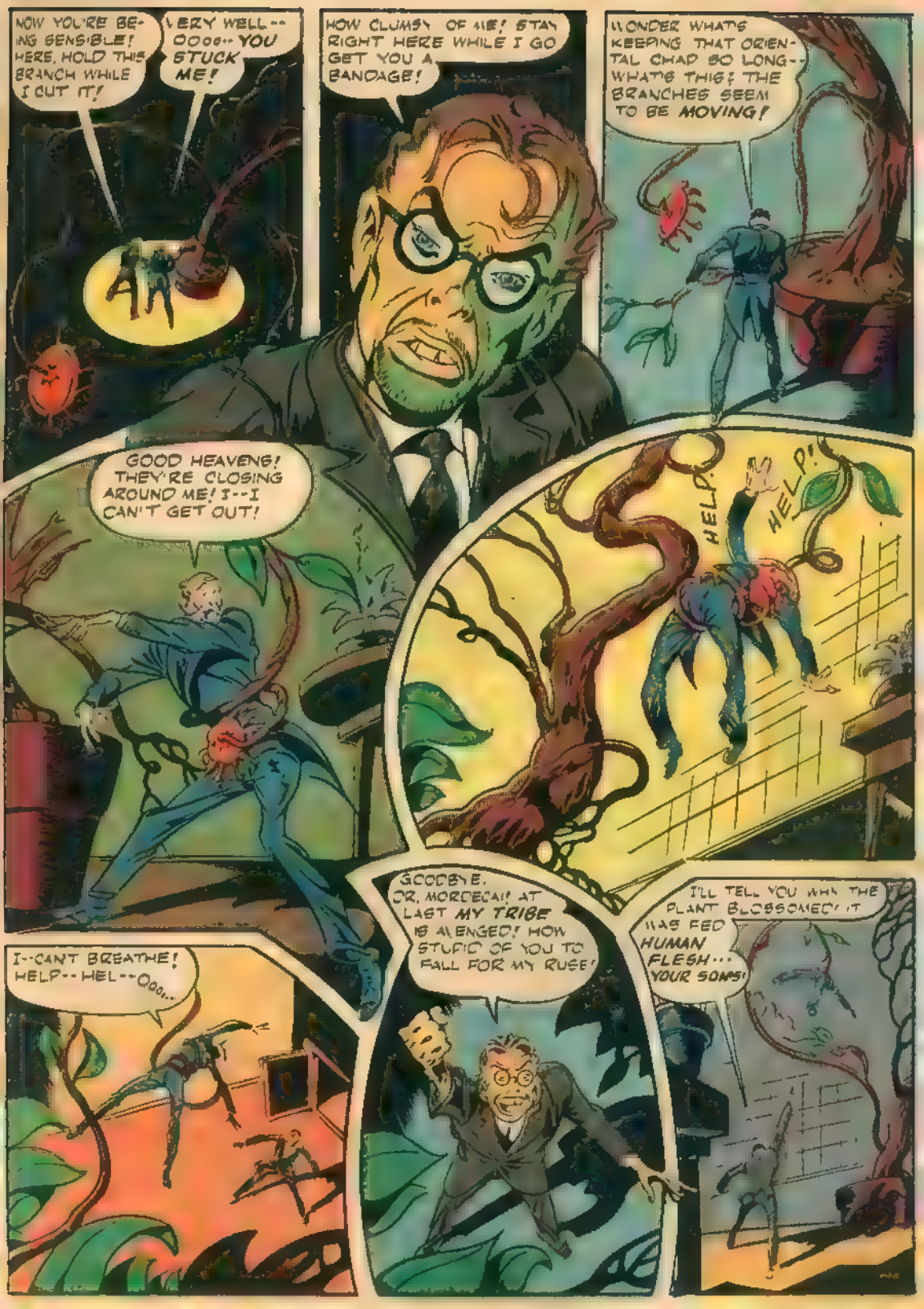
IN THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF REPORTER THELMA GORDON--
HMM--HERE'S AN INTERESTING ITEM ON THE GALLEY SHEETS OF OUR MORNING EDITION, BOB!
IT WAS LEARNED TODAY THAT PROFESSOR MORDECAI AND DR. PETER'S FAMOUS BOTANISTS, HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXPLORATION IN TIBET! DR. PETERS, HOWEVER AFFLICTED WITH SOME DISEASE WHICH AFFECTED HIS MIND THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN COMMITTED TO AN INSANE ASYLUM!
HMM--INSANE ASYLUM, EH! MIGHT BE A STORY THERE BOB!
OH OH! OKAY LET'S GO!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF DR. MORDECAI
FATHER, THAT HORRIBLE PLANT YOU BROUGHT BACK WITH YOU, PLEASE GET RID OF IT! I BEG OF YOU!
NO, FRANK, I'M DETERMINED TO MAKE IT BLOOM!
BUT LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. PETERS! THAT PLANT'S UNHOLY AND EVIL, I TELL YOU!
I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS! ---GHH-- FOOTSTEPS --- SOMEONE'S COMING!
I BELIEVE IN THE CURSE THAT HOVERS OVER THAT PLANT AND I'LL DESTROY IT YET--OR IT'LL DESTROY ME!
PLEASE DON'T MIND MY SON, HE'S SLIGHTLY UPSET! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU!
I'M A REPORTER DR. MORDECAI, AND ---
--AND YOU'D LIKE A STORY, EH! WELL TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SUPERB PLANT I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME FROM MY EXPEDITION!

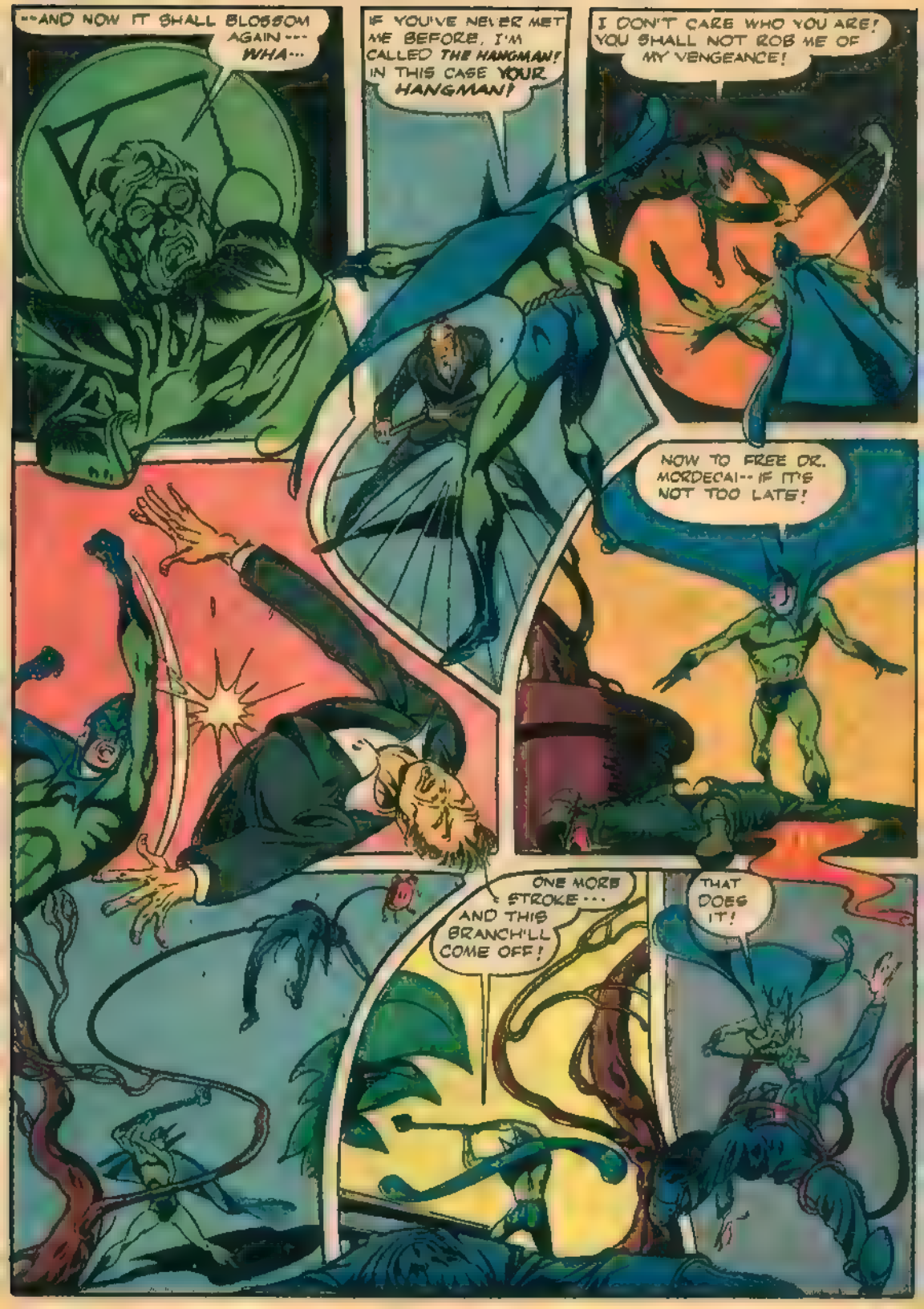
I'LL GIVE YOU A STORY YOUNG LADY! A STORY YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO PUBLISH BECAUSE IT'S SO FANTASTIC! YOU HEARD MY SON RANT ABOUT THIS PLANT WELL HE HAS GOOD REASON!
"YOU SEE, PROF. PETERS AND I HAD HEARD OF THIS RARE PLANT WHICH FLOWERED ONLY IN TIBET! PETERS TRIED HARD TO DISSUADE ME FROM GOING TO SEE IT--
BECAUSE IT'S SACRED TO THE NATIVES, BUT I WAS DETERMINED! SO THAT NIGHT WE SNEAKED INTO THE TEMPLE
IT-- IT'S BEAUTIFUL PETERS!
AND DANGEROUS!
PETERS, I'M GOING TO CUT A BRANCH OFF FOR OUR COLLECTION!
YOU'RE MAD! I WON'T LET YOU! IT WILL BRING NOTHING BUT EVIL!
NEVERTHELESS, I WAS DETERMINED!
NO ONE AROUND! GOOD!
PETERS IS A SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! AH-- IT'S COMING NOW!
GOOD HEAVENS! THIS SAP SPURTING FROM IT! IT LOOKS AND FEELS JUST LIKE BLOOD!


FOR A MOMENT I WAS FRIGHTENED BY A CURIOUS PREMONITION OF EVIL! I WAS TEMPTED TO LEAVE THE BRANCH THERE, BUT I DECIDED AGAINST IT!
MORDECAI! THOSE STAINS ON YOUR CLOTHING! YOU CUT A BRANCH OFF AFTER ALL!
CERTAINLY! WHY NOT?
DON'T YOU REALIZE THE SACRILEGE YOU'VE COMMITTED AGAINST THE NATIVES? THEY'LL KILL US FOR THIS!
NOT IF WE LEAVE AT ONCE!
OUR DEPARTURE WAS NONE TOO SOON!
--AND AS WE SPED AWAY THE NATIVE CHIEF MOUTHED A HORRIBLE CURSE AFTER US!
--AND THAT CURSE WAS THAT THE PLANT WOULD DESTROY US AND OUR FAMILIES! OUR EXPERIENCE SEEMED TO HAVE AFFECTED PETERS' MIND, POOR CHAP!
BUT YOU SAY YOU BROUGHT BACK ONLY A BRANCH!
AND YOU'RE PUZZLED AT SEEING A TOWERING PLANT, EH!
I KNOW IT'S QUEER, BUT THAT THING ACTUALLY GREW JUST LIKE THE ORGINAL PLANT--EXCEPT THAT THE BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS ARE MISSING!
AND THERE'S YOUR STORY!
WHEW! SOME STORY IT IS, TOO! WELL, BYE, DR. MORDECAI!

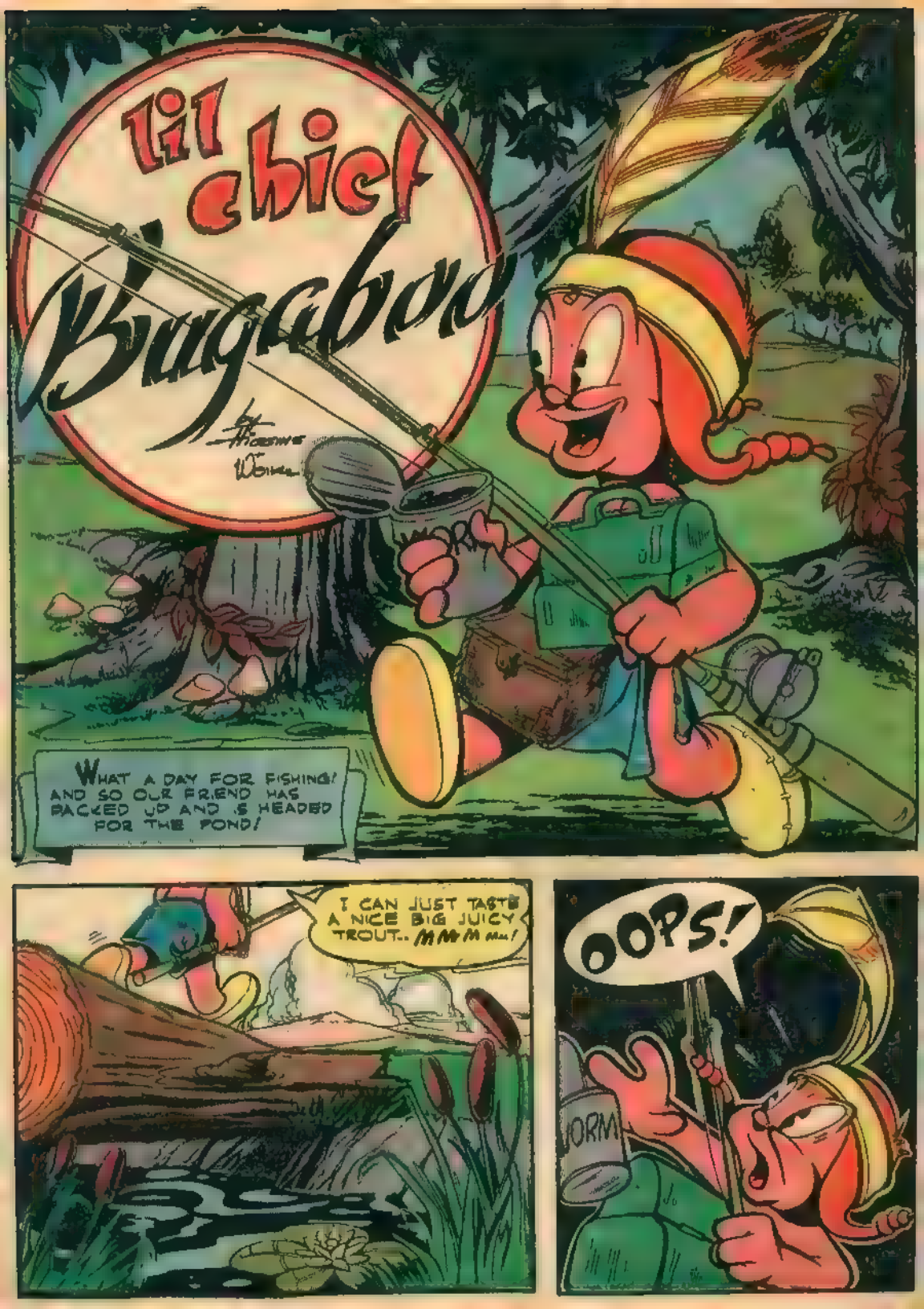
SOME NIGHTS LATER----
BOB! THIS IS THEL! DR. MORDECAI CALLED AND WANTS ME RIGHT OVER! SOUNDED DEATHLY SCARED! O.K. I'LL MEET YOU THERE!
AH--THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME! I--I'M AT MY WITS' END! I COULDN'T APPEAL TO THE POLICE, THEY'D LAUGH AT MY SUSPICIONS AND YET I ACTUALLY THINK THE CURSE IS WORKING!
HERE! READ THIS NOTE I FOUND ON MY TABLE A WHILE AGO!
Never again shall you see your son, the sacred plant which you defiled, is blooming. Soon it shall bloom for you
the Holy Guardian
YOU SEE I FAILED TO MENTION THAT THE CURSE SAID THAT EVERY TIME THE PLANT WOULD WREAK VENGEANCE, IT WOULD SPROUT BLOSSOMS!
LOOK! BLOSSOMS! AND MY SON IS GONE!
GOOD LORD! WHAT GHASTLY LOOKING BLOSSOMS! THEY'RE BLOOD RED!
SAY THERE'S YOUR COLLEAGUE PROF. PETERS!
AT THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM! BUT YOU DON'T THINK---
I DON'T THINK ANYTHING! WELL GOOD BYE DR MORDECAI!
BOB WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH PETERS, SANE OR INSANE!

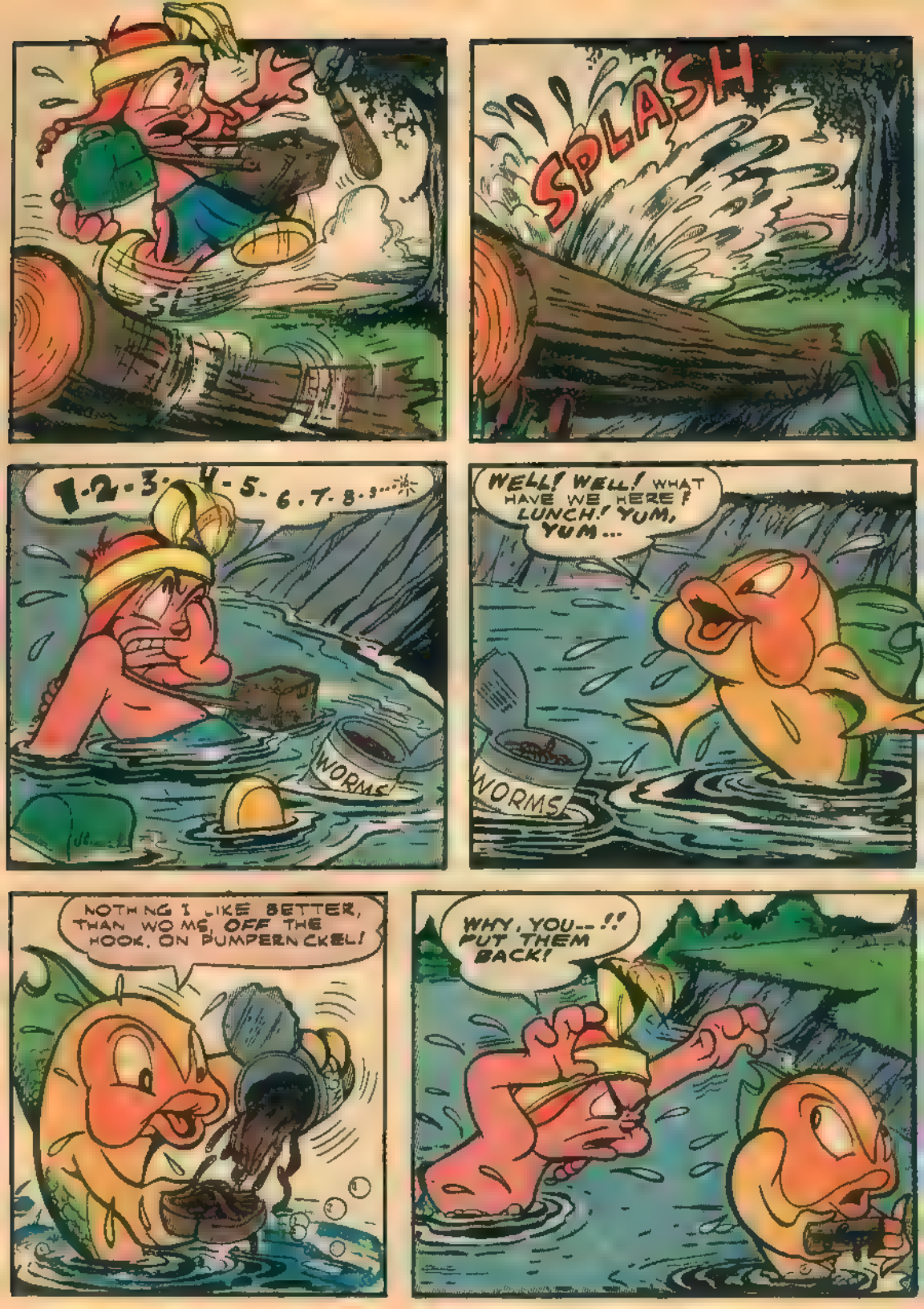

WELL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER PETERS IS REALLY INSANE--OR PLAYING POSSUM!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED NURSE! I MUST SEE PROF. PETERS! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
BUT--BUT I'M NOT ALLOWED-- OH VERY WELL HANGMAN, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!
LEAVE ME ALONE I'M MAD! MAD! LEAVE ME ALONE!
PROF PETERS PLEASE LISTEN AND TRY TO UNDERSTAND!
THE PLANT! I MUST KNOW THE SECRET OF THE PLANT!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE YOU'RE THE HANGMAN-- THE PLANT! YES I REMEMBER! I'LL TELL YOU ITS HORRIBLE SECRET---
THE SECRET THAT DROVE ME MAD! LISTEN, HANGMAN! LISTEN CLOSELY!
AT THAT MOMENT, AT DR. MORDECAI'S HOME--
I TELL YOU DR. MORDECAI, I KNOW THE SECRET OF THE PLANT'S CURSE! I CAN HELP YOU!
NEVER MIND WHO I AM OR HOW I KNOW! I KNOW! THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR YOU! I EVEN KNOW ITS ALREADY CLAIMED YOUR SON!
ALL RIGHT SIR--I--I-BELIEVE YOU! HERE'S THE ACCURSED PLANT! RID ME OF ITS HORRIBLE VENGEANCE AND I'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO YOU!

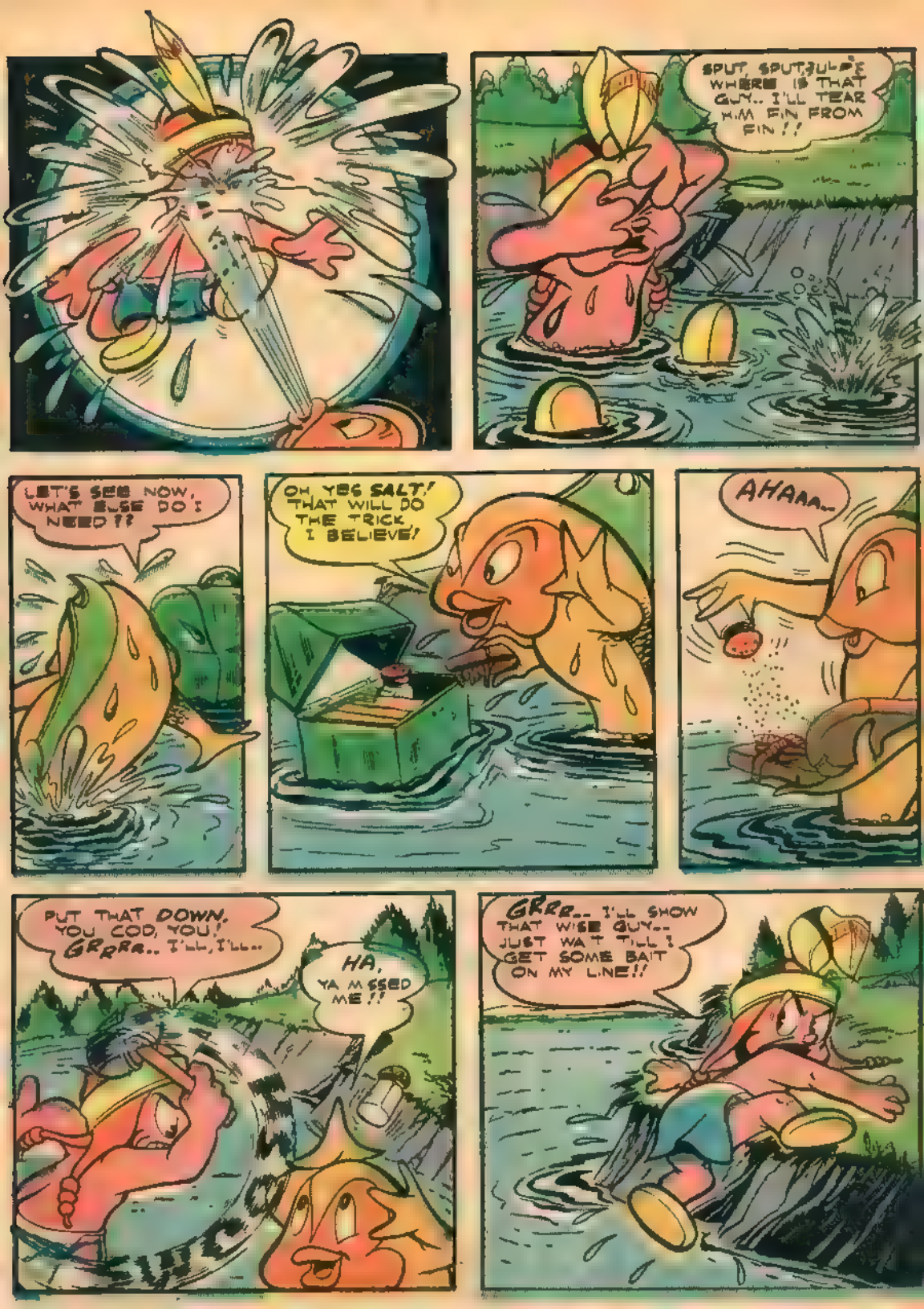

NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE! HERE, HOLD THIS BRANCH WHILE I CUT IT!
VERY WELL-- OOOO-- YOU STUCK ME!
HOW CLUMSY OF ME! STAY RIGHT HERE WHILE I GO GET YOU A BANDAGE!
WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THAT ORIENTAL CHAP SO LONG-- WHAT'S THIS? THE BRANCHES SEEM TO BE MOVING!
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE CLOSING AROUND ME! I--I CAN'T GET OUT!
HELP!
HELP!
I--CAN'T BREATHE! HELP-- HEL--OOO...
GOODBYE, OR, MORDECAI! AT LAST MY TRIBE IS AVENGED! HOW STUPID OF YOU TO FALL FOR MY RUSE!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE PLANT BLOSSOMED IT WAS FED HUMAN FLESH... YOUR SONS!

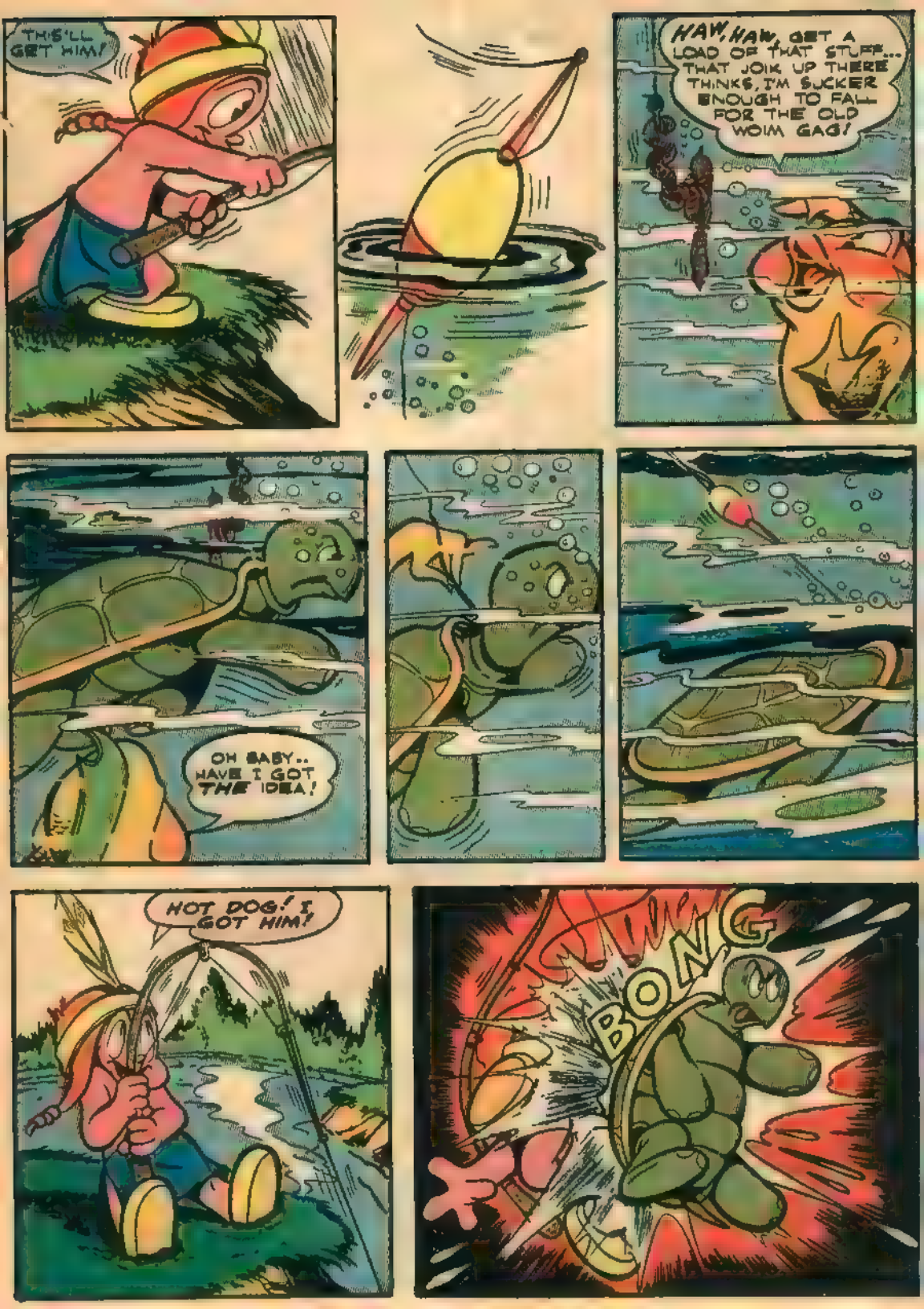

--AND NOW IT SHALL BLOSSOM AGAIN--- WHA---
IF YOU'VE NEVER MET ME BEFORE, I'M CALLED THE HANGMAN! IN THIS CASE YOUR HANGMAN!
I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE! YOU SHALL NOT ROB ME OF MY VENGEANCE!
NOW TO FREE DR. MORDECAI-- IF IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
ONE MORE STROKE--- AND THIS BRANCH'LL COME OFF!
THAT DOES IT!

---AND I'VE GOT HIM!
HELP! THE PLANT'S GOT ME!
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
YES! I'LL SAVE YOU-- FOR THE HANGMAN!
SQUIRMING LIKE MAD THE ORIENTAL SUCCEEDS IN PARTIALLY FREEING HIMSELF FROM THE PLANT'S DEATH---
--BUT AS THOUGH GUIDED BY SOME GRIM FATE ONE OF THE VINES TANGLES ABOUT HIS THROAT LIKE A NOOSE AND--
TOO LATE, DR. MORDECAI! HE'S DEAD! HANGED BY THE NECK!
LATER THAT EVENING--
BOB, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN! MY STORY--
YOU CAN FORGET YOUR STORY THEL! THERE ISN'T ANY!-- LEASTWISE NOT FOR PUBLICATION!
DON'T FORGET, GANG! THERE ARE TWO MUSTS IN YOUR VOCABULARY! YOU MUST BUY PEP COMICS IF YOU WANT THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINES! AND YOU MUST BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS IF YOU WANT THE BEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD TO STAY THE BEST!
The HANGMAN


lil chief
Bugaboo
by Thornton W.
WHAT A DAY FOR FISHING! AND SO OUR FRIEND HAS PACKED UP AND IS HEADED FOR THE POND!
I CAN JUST TASTE A NICE BIG JUICY TROUT.. MMM MM!
OOPS!
WORM


SPLASH
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9...
WORMS
WELL! WELL! WHAT HAVE WE HERE? LUNCH! YUM, YUM...
WORMS
NOTHING I LIKE BETTER, THAN WORMS, OFF THE HOOK, ON PUMPERNICKEL!
WHY, YOU...!! PUT THEM BACK!


SPUT, SPUTTER! WHERE IS THAT GUY.. I'LL TEAR HIM FIN FROM FIN!!
LET'S SEE NOW, WHAT ELSE DO I NEED??
OH YES SALT! THAT WILL DO THE TRICK, I BELIEVE!
AHAAA..
PUT THAT DOWN, YOU COD, YOU! GRRRR.. I'LL, I'LL..
HA, YA MISSED ME!!
GRRR.. I'LL SHOW THAT WISE GUY.. JUST WAIT TILL I GET SOME BAIT ON MY LINE!!


THIS'LL GET HIM!
HAW, HAW, GET A LOAD OF THAT STUFF... THAT JOIK UP THERE THINKS, I'M SUCKER ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THE OLD WOIM GAG!
OH BABY.. HAVE I GOT THE IDEA!
HOT DOG! I GOT HIM!
BONG

GULP
YEEOWCH!
HAW-HAW-HAW..
FUNNY STUFF, EH?
HAW HAW HAW
ZONG
HEH! HEH!
GET IN THERE W 6E GUY!
HAH! HOWZAT?
WHEW! THAT WAS SOME WORKOUT!

HEY! WATCHA GOT THERE, BUB?!
SHH.. I GOT THE BIGGEST FISH YOU EVER SAW.. RIGHT HERE!
WHAT THE... HOW THE ?!?
SO LONG SUCKER!
I'M THROUGH -- I'M DISGUSTED! I GIVE UP.. BLANKETY BLANK FISHING FOREVER!!
WORK
BOP!
@%!!?☆#! --- FISH!
HEY!
PUT ME DOWN -- YOU -- YOU --- !!

WISE GUY

By HAL SHALLET

AL DODGER twirled his glass of beer, and smiled inwardly. This town was sure a sweet little hide-out. None of the fool hicks suspected he was wanted in seven states for various criminal activities. He wondered what they would say if they knew he had pulled off that bank job three hundred miles away.

Someone stopped by Al's table saying, "Howdy, Mr. Dodger," and Al looked up with a little start to recognize Silas Jones. He had met this hay-seed a couple of times in the little grocery store across the street from the hotel. Al Dodger smiled, nodded, and Jones passed to the booth directly in back of him. Al had seen Sheriff Lem Brown sitting in that booth as he had come into the Hotel Bar.

And Al couldn't help himself, he had to grin wide. Why the bunch of suckers. To think that he had even made friends with Lem Brown the sheriff. It made him want to bust out laughing everytime he thought of how he and the Sheriff had discussed the very bank job Al had pulled!

And then through his amused thoughts, he heard the murmur of voices in the booth behind him. He leaned back, listened, and heard Silas Jones' high-pitched voice raised in anger.

"I'll do no such thing!" A fist thumped down on a table. "Ain't talked to a Martin nigh on fifteen years. Ain't no good yore askin' me to put up m'money in that there Martin Bank. I ain't aimin' to put it in no bank. Ain't done it before, and don't aim startin' to now."

"But Si, it ain't safe what yore doin'. You live in that lonesome ole house, miles away from any livin' soul. Ain't you worried that some thief'll up and hepp himself to all you got?"

"Now you looky here, Lem, I don't want t'hear no more about it! I got myself as much protection as I need! I got me a contraption rigged up is sure fire against all comers! I ain't sceered, and ain't worried. So I'll thank ye to keep yore nose outta mah business!"

During all this Al Dodger's eyes developed a glitter. His sexless mouth slid into a grim half-smile. He knew exactly where Silas Jones lived, for he had passed by there not more than two days ago. The house was way over in the hills, a secluded, deserted, lonely area.

It might be worth while finding out just how much money the old bird had!

Al slid out of his booth, paid for his beer, and slowly walked out of the Hotel Bar.

So! Silas Jones had a "contraption" had he! Sure-fire protection against all comers! Not only did Silas Jones' money interest Al Dodger, but to find out just exactly what that contraption was aroused his curiosity, too.

He walked around to the Hotel Garage, and took out his car. It was early evening, and Al drove leisurely over the fast darkening country roads.

When he came to Silas Jones' neighborhood, about three hundred or more yards from the house, he pulled the car up along the side of the road, parked the car. He got out, went to the door, lifted it. Then he sat down on the running board, fired a cigarette and waited.

A job like this didn't even take much planning. It was as simple as casing a joint. Simpler.

In no time at all he spotted a blitz of light through the trees, which told him a car was coming toward him. Presently the labored chuga chuga of Silas Jones' dilapidated Ford was audible.

Al sprang up, took up a wrench and flashlight, buried his head under the hood, and noisily began to tinker around.

As he had expected, Silas Jones stopped the car just abreast of him. Al looked up as if he had been unaware of Jones' approach, and put a startled expression on his face.

"Why . . . Oh, hello! It's you, Mr. Jones."

Silas squinted down at him. "Now what in tarnation you doin' out here, Mr. Dodger?"

Al chuckled disarmingly. "Motor trouble. My car stalled. Guess I must have taken the wrong road, or something. Not quite used to these country roads. Thought I'd take a little drive." He thumbed back to his car. "That danged thing simply won't budge any more!"

"I say, have you a phone in your house? I'd like to call up the garage in town and have them send me a tow car."

"Why sure." Jones leaned over, opened the door. "Hop in. You're welcome to use m'phone."

Al climbed in, and the car slid forward, then chugged merrily on its way to the Jones' house. Jones chatted amiably all the way there.

They stopped in front of the big house. Al got out and followed Silas Jones up the wooden front porch steps. Their footfalls vibrated hollowly over the boards of porch.

And then to Al's amazement Silas did an unusual thing.

In front of the door, he took out a key, and placed it in the lock. After the door was unlocked he opened it slowly, just a few inches. There was just room enough to slide his hand through the open crack. He reached in

fumbled around for a moment, then with a "There!" He brought his hand back, straightened, and flung the door wide open.

Silas stepped in, turned on the switch, and the room flooded with light. Al jumped back with a choked cry.

He was looking straight into the muzzle of a shotgun!

Then it was that Al understood, and he got his breath back. This then was the "contraption" Silas Jones had referred to.

A smile twisted into Al's mouth again. He stepped forward, made a wide semi-circle around that shotgun, merely to impress Silas, while his face wore a mock expression of fear.

Silas had to cackle again. "That's m'burglar contraption," he confided. "And don't you go tellin' 'round what 'tis!"

If that wasn't just the sort of dumb trick a hick would pull, Al thought contemptuously, as he regarded that shotgun.

The gun was securely set in pegs in the wall, while the butt was about a foot and a half out from the wall. The muzzle was pointed directly to the door. A stout cord was knotted about the trigger, and ran through metal eyes to the butt, then forward to the wall, where a loop dangled. This loop evidently fitted over the knob of the door. With the loop in place, if the door should open, the string would tighten, until it pulled at the trigger, and discharge the gun.

Not bad, Al decided, but not so hot either. It was an ancient trick he had heard of, but never seen in use.

"Mighty clever idea," Al said to Silas, "but what about your windows? As I understand it, burglars are more apt to come in by a window, than by a door."

"No thief'll git inta mah windows!" Silas said emphatically. "Got me a 'lectrical invention rigged in every window in m house. Should you as much touch yore hand up to the window, it'll send a charge of 'lectric through you which ll knock you cold. It also starts the alarm workin', and I sleep with m'Winchester handy! No sir. This house is burglar proof!"

Al's eyes lidded, and danger lights fired their cores.

He quietly lifted the gun out of his pocket.

Jones turned in surprise; then his eyes fell on the gun Al held steadily in his hand.

Silas gave off a thin cry, and took a step forward. Al's hand squeezed tight over the gun. The gun sneezed hoarsely, spat fire.

Al looked down at the body of the dead man coldly. He absently lifted the gun to his lips, calmly blew down the barrel. He watched the river of blood grow out from under the dead man, saw it spread across the floor boards.

A sucker never deserves an even break, Al thought and slipped the gun back into his pocket. Then he turned around to look for the possible hiding place of the money. He was in no hurry. He'd rip the place apart, if need be.

In the next room he found an old-fashioned roll-top desk. In the bottom drawer he found the black suitcase. He took it out, put it on the desk, and snapped open the hinges.

With an upsurging lift of excitement, he beheld the mass of green bills. Hastily he shuffled through the money, roughly estimated that there must be close to fifty thousand dollars there! Unmarked bills! What a sweet little haul!

His eyes glittered feverishly as he snapped the bag shut. He lifted it from the desk, and went back into the living room.

He tipped his forehead with his fingers to Silas Jones.

"So long Sucker, and thanks a million!"

He crossed the living room, and came toward the door. His eyes fell on that "contraption" again and he chuckled, thinking how useless that thing had been for a smart guy like himself.

He regarded the shotgun that hung there looking stupidly ridiculous and foolishly proud.

What a same the thing had not worked. Farmer Jones had placed such complete faith in the thing too. And it had failed him. What a shame!

Failed, thought Al? And through his mind there came an idea for a practical use for it.

He would set that thing up again. Who would be the first to come through that door? A neighbor? Perhaps even . . . yes? The Sheriff! He'd come looking for the missing Silas Jones. What sweet irony, to think of the Sheriff with his top blown off. Perhaps, if he went back to town, he could get the Sheriff to come up here in some way. What a sweet welcoming committee!

He opened the door, stepped out on the porch, put down the suitcase, and went to work. He reached in, fumbled for the cord, found it, and hooked the loop very carefully around the door knob. This done, he slipped out his hand, and cautiously began to shut the door.

He did not wish to shut it entirely, for the next visitor to the Jones' house, must find the door slightly ajar, and not try to gain entrance to the house through the windows.

And just as he was doing that, he stiffened. Every muscle in his body wound up tight, while a chill passed through his body.

Close by he heard footsteps, the crunch of gravel under feet! He had been so preoccupied he had not stopped to listen. It had never occurred to him that someone would come so soon!

He spun around, and with a sharp stab of terror, saw that a man was coming toward him, already gaining the bottom of the steps. He instantly recognized the Sheriff, Lem Brown!

Panic-stricken, his eyes darted around for a means of escape. The sheriff now froze to a dead halt, for he had seen the crouching figure. His hand reached for his holster. It all so startled Al, that he inadvertently took one step back against the door. . . .

Archie Talks!

TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS

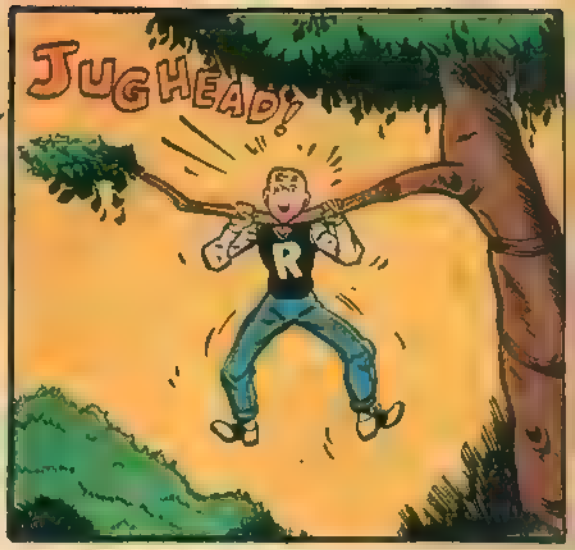
ON BLUE NETWORK EVERY DAY, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY. LISTEN TO THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS AND HIS GANG! ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION, IS A COAST-TO-COAST BROADCAST!

HIYA GANG! I'M SOUPHEAD, JUGHEAD'S COUSIN, REMEMBER! HOW'S ABOUT WRITING TO ARCHIE AND TELLING HIM IF YOU WANT ME TO APPEAR WITH ARCHIE AND HIS GANG ON THE RADIO? ADDRESS AS FOLLOWS: ARCHIE ANDREWS, c/o STATION WJZ, NEW YORK N. Y. CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR TIME OF PROGRAM OR ASK YOUR RADIO STATION.

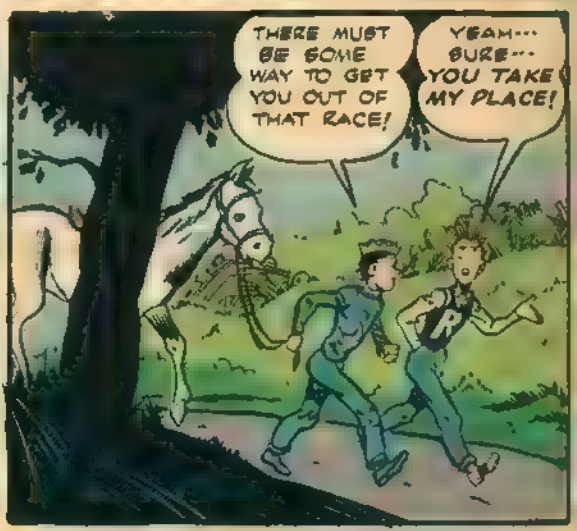
ARCHIE ANDREWS APPEARS IN ARCHIE COMICS AND PEP COMICS!

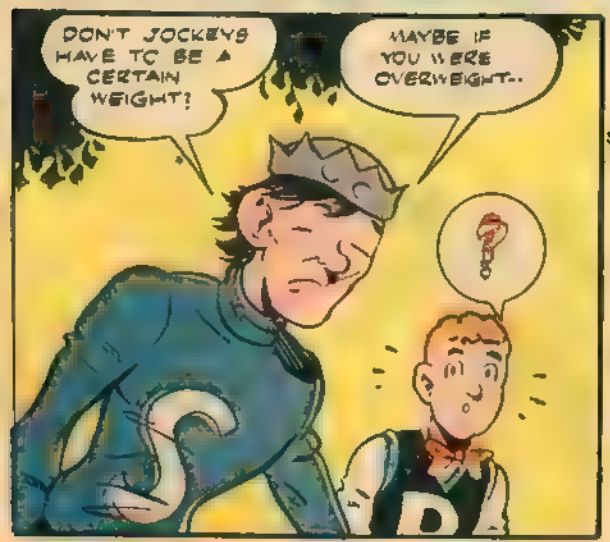
Archie
THE JOCKEY
PART 2
ARCHIE AND JUGHEAD ARE WEEK-ENDING AT THE LODGE ESTATE! IN THE LAST ISSUE, ARCHIE WAS MISTAKENLY THOUGHT TO BE AN EXPERT RIDER--AND MR. LODGE ASKED HIM TO JOCKEY ONE OF HIS HORSES IN AN IMPORTANT RACE! LET'S LOOK AT OUR EXPERT RIDER NOW!
JUGHEAD, ∞ SOMETHING!
RELAX, ARCHIE, RELAX!
SANGER & GINGER
GOSH, JUGHEAD, I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER BECOME A RIDER!
YA GOT T' HAVE PATIENCE, ARCH--LET'S TRY AGAIN!
HOW'S THIS, JUG! BUMPITY--BUMP!
I WISH HE'D PRACTICE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
HEY, ARCH, LOOK OUT!
HUH! WHAT!

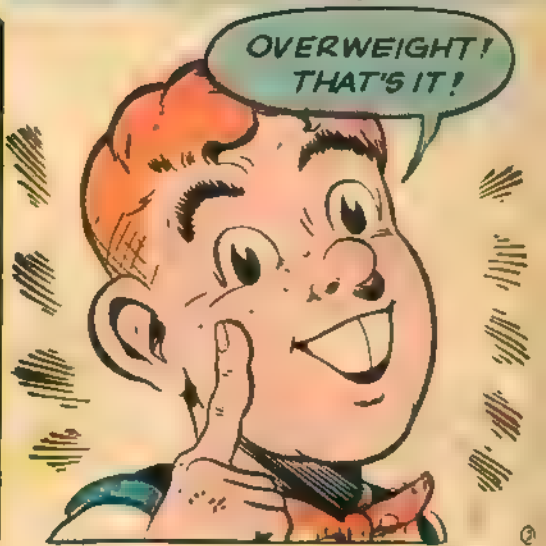
BAM
ZOWIE
ULP


JUGHEAD!

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO TAKE UP CHINNING!

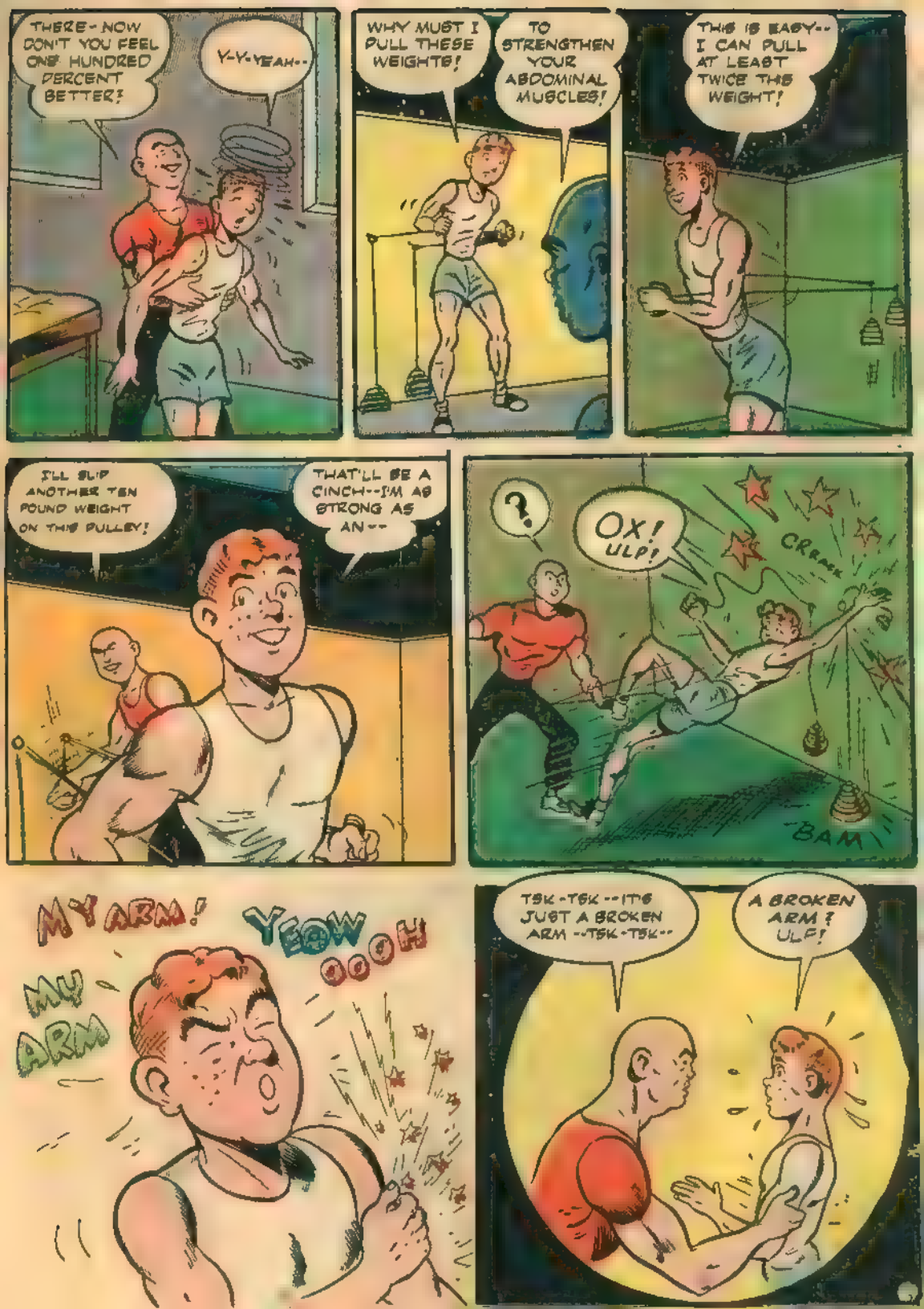

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO GET YOU OUT OF THAT RACE!
YEAH... SURE... YOU TAKE MY PLACE!

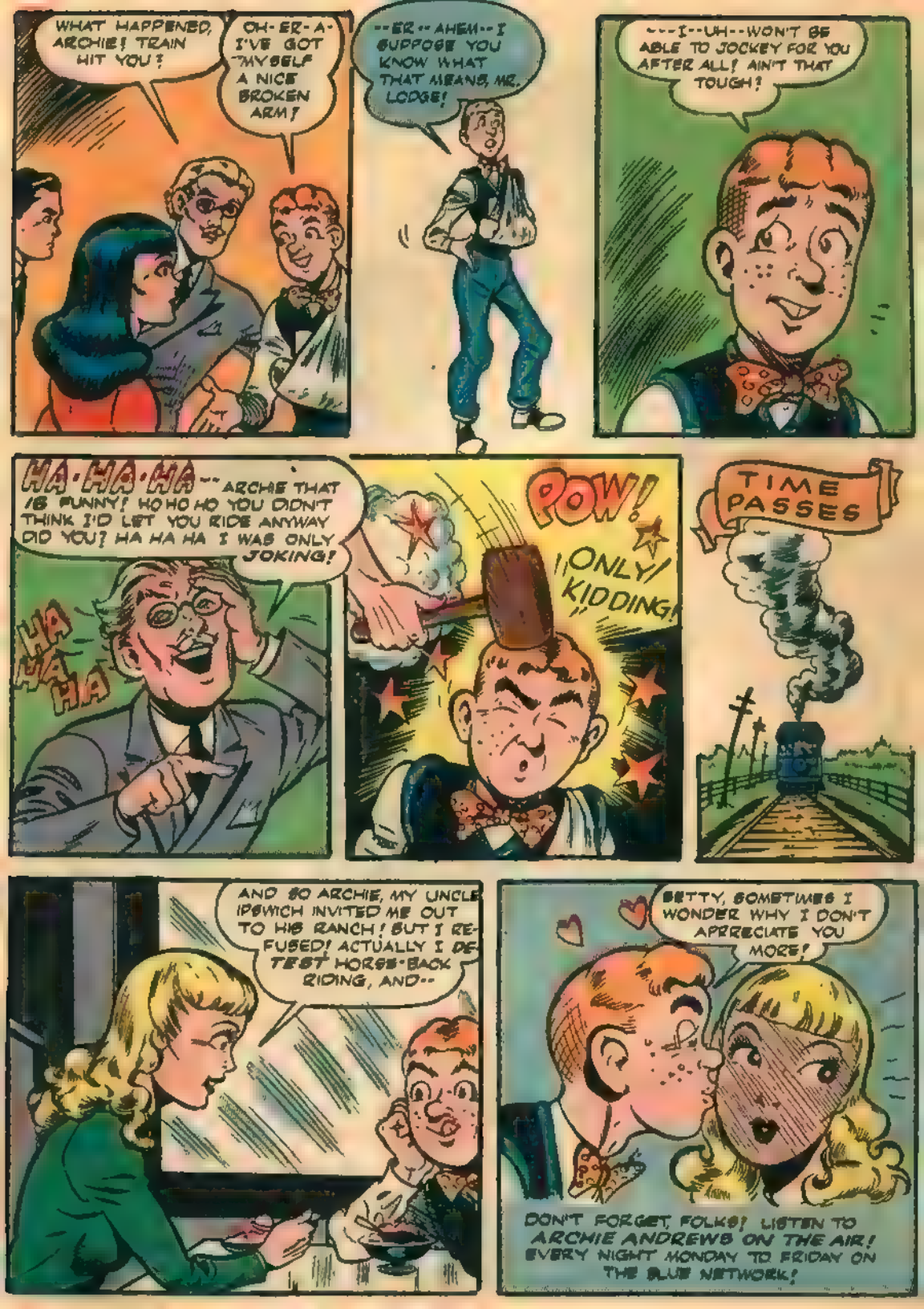

DON'T JOCKEYS HAVE TO BE A CERTAIN WEIGHT?
MAYBE IF YOU WERE OVERWEIGHT..
?


OVERWEIGHT! THAT'S IT!

THERE'S ENOUGH FOOD IN THE LODGE'S REFRIGERATOR TO FEED AN ARMY!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'LL NEED TO PUT ON THOSE EXTRA POUNDS!
GLUB -- I NEVER (MUNCH) ATE SO MUCH IN ALL MY LIFE!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA! HE'S TURNING GREEN!
TIME PASSES ON -- ARCHIE FEELS THAT HE WILL TOO --
OOOH, JUGHEAD
R-R-RING!
THE DOORBELL! I'LL GET IT!
HELLO, YOUNG MAN! IS MR. LODGE AT HOME? I'M DR. BREAKBONE!
A DOCTOR? COME RIGHT IN!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
OOOOH! I WANNA DIE -- OOH!
IT'S HIS STOMACH DOC! SOMETHING HE ATE, I THINK!
3

STOMACH, EH? BRING MY BAG INTO THE GYM, WILL YOU?
OKAY, DOC!
CHIROPRACTOR! GULP!
POOR ARCHIE, HM--
GYM
A LITTLE SOFT BUT WE'LL SOON FIX THAT, WON'T WE SON?
YEOW
NOTHING LIKE A GOOD WORK-OUT TO TOUGHEN THOSE MUSCLES!
CRACK
OHHH
CRACK
CRACK


THERE - NOW DON'T YOU FEEL ONE HUNDRED PERCENT BETTER!
Y-Y-YEAH--
WHY MUST I PULL THESE WEIGHTS!
TO STRENGTHEN YOUR ABDOMINAL MUSCLES!
THIS IS EASY-- I CAN PULL AT LEAST TWICE THIS WEIGHT!
I'LL SLIP ANOTHER TEN POUND WEIGHT ON THIS PULLEY!
THAT'LL BE A CINCH--I'M AS STRONG AS AN--
?
OX! ULP!
CRrack
BAM
MY ARM!
YEOW OOOH
MY ARM
TSK-TSK--IT'S JUST A BROKEN ARM --TSK-TSK--
A BROKEN ARM? ULP!


WHAT HAPPENED, ARCHIE! TRAIN HIT YOU?
OH-ER-A-I'VE GOT MYSELF A NICE BROKEN ARM!
--ER--AHEM--I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS, MR. LODGE!
~~~I--UH--WON'T BE ABLE TO JOCKEY FOR YOU AFTER ALL! AIN'T THAT TOUGH!
HA-HA-HA--ARCHIE THAT IS FUNNY! HO HO HO YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LET YOU RIDE ANYWAY DID YOU? HA HA HA I WAS ONLY JOKING!
HA HA HA
POW!
"ONLY KIDDING!"
TIME PASSES
AND SO ARCHIE, MY UNCLE IPSWICH INVITED ME OUT TO HIS RANCH! BUT I REFUSED! ACTUALLY I DETEST HORSE-BACK RIDING, AND--
BETTY, SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I DON'T APPRECIATE YOU MORE!
DON'T FORGET, FOLKS! LISTEN TO ARCHIE ANDREWS ON THE AIR! EVERY NIGHT MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE BLUE NETWORK!
~~~

MARCO LOCO

Adventurer

THROUGH A GHASTLY ERROR MARCO LOCO FINDS HIMSELF SKIPPER OF THE GOLDEN HERRING! THE FORMER CAPTAIN, THE VILLAINOUS CHRISTOPHER PLOPP, HAVING JUST BEEN SHANGHAIED ON TO A SLAVE SHIP BY HIS MUTINOUS CREW!

BY CARL HUBBELL

WHILE THE CREW PONDERS THE PROBLEM OF DISPOSING OF MARCO....

LET'S HANG HIM FROM THE YARD ARM!

NAW, LET'S TORTURE HIM TO DEATH!

AW HECK! LET'S JUST THROW HIM OVER THE SIDE!

...THE LOOKOUT MAKES A DISCOVERY!

SHIP TO TH' NOR' BY EAST NOR' EAST, BY EAST BY NORTH.... --I THINK!

MARCO ARRIVES IN THE MIDST OF THE CONFERENCE
HI, FELLAS IS THIS A PRIVATE CHAT?
POST-- HERE HE COMES NOW!
LISTEN YOU! WE GOT RID OF PLOPP BECAUSE WE DIDN'T LIKE HIS FACE! WE DON'T LIKE YOURS!
PIRATE CRAFT ON THE PORT BOW!
IN FACT, WE THINK IT'S THE WORST FACE WE EVER SA----
PIRATES?
YEAH! THEY'RE (GULP) PIRATES, ALL RIGHT! FIRE A SHOT ACROSS HER BOW!
GEE!
THE GOLDEN HERRING OPENS FIRE!
BOOM
AND ABOARD THE PIRATE VESSEL--
HOLD FIRE LADS! RUN UP THE WHITE FLAG! HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!
LOOK! THEY GIVE UP! THERE'S THE WHITE FLAG! WE WIN LET'S PULL ALONGSIDE!
GOODY!
THAT'S CLOSE ENOUGH! THROW OVER GRAPPLING IRONS AND HOP ABOARD!

THE PIRATES SWARM ONTO THE GOLDEN HERRING---
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! WHY, THOSE BIG LIARS!
CLANG!
BOOM
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP WE FIND MARCO LOCO....
CRASH!
BOP
NO SY ISN'T IT?
ODD'S BLUD! THAT IT IS, FRIEND! BUT WHO ARE YOU?
I AM SNOOCH THE COOK! COME MARCO, I LIKE YOU! LET US FIND A MORE SECLUDED PLACE WERE WE CAN TALK!
HUH? WHERE?
ON THE PIRATE SHIP!
ULP!
TUT-TUT IT'S QUITE DESERTED!
MARCO AND SNOOCH CLIMB ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP--
DID YOU KNOW OUR CREW IS PLANNING TO KILL YOU?
SO I HEAR! --SAY, THIS IS A NICE TUB! I WONDER WHERE THE KITCHEN IS?
ENROLS!
MAYBE IT'S DOWN HERE! I FEEL HUNGRY!
HERE'S SOMEBODY, MAYBE HE'D LIKE A BITE WITH US!
HO-HUM!
HMMM--I THINK I'LL GO AND TAUNT THE PRISONERS!

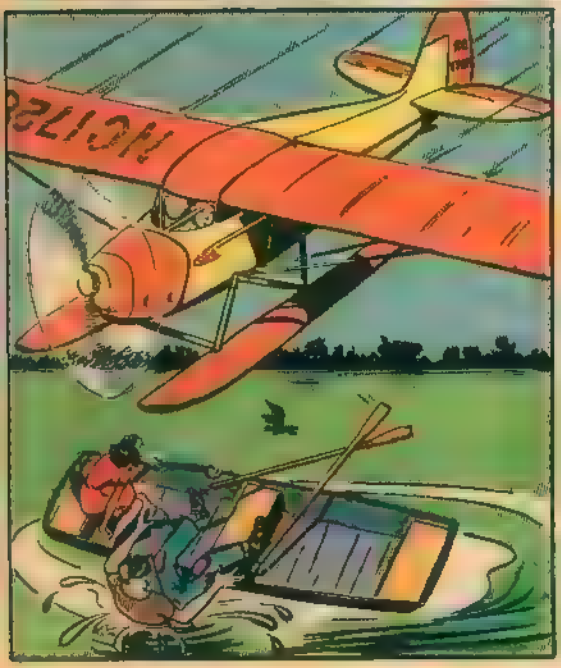
ON SECOND THOUGHT, I DON'T THINK I'LL INVITE HIM TO SHARE OUR SNACK!
I THINK I'LL KICK YOUR RIBS IN! NO I THINK I'LL BREAK YOUR JAW
HA HA
WOP!
PRITHEE-- A CRUST OF BREAD OR I STARVE!
SHUT UP, YOU OLD FOOL!
SAY! YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT!
SPLAT!
HUH? WHAT? WHO SAID THAT? GET OUT YOU BOOB!
DON'T YOU CALL ME A BOOB, YOU BIG HORSE!
BOOT
WHY YOU--
OOPS! YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL!
PLOP
OW!
ATTABOY, SNOOCH! UGH!
GET HIS KEYS, MR. LOCO!
OOF!

MARCO RELEASES THE PRISONERS!
YOU'RE ALL FREE NOW, YOU POOR DEVILS!
BLESS YOU MY BOY!
IF WE ARE TO ESCAPE ALIVE, WE MUST FIGHT TOGETHER! HOW ABOUT IT? WILL YOU ALL SAIL WITH ME!
SURE!
WHY NOT?
YEP!
YEAH!
THAT'S THE STUFF! LET'S GO ON DECK AND SEE ABOUT GETTING OUT OF HERE!
RIGHT!
LET'S GO!
WHERE'S THAT FAT SO AND SO? I'LL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!
I THOUGHT I PUT YOU TO SLEEP ON MY WAY IN!
AW--- WHAT'S THE USE!
THUD!
AW-- THEY'RE STILL FIGHTING! EVERYBODY ON DECK!
OUCH! TAKE THAT, YOU VILLAIN! OUCH!
CLANG
BAM
BIFF!
AYE SIR!
THEN REMOVE GRAPPLING IRONS!
W/D PLEASURE!
IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!

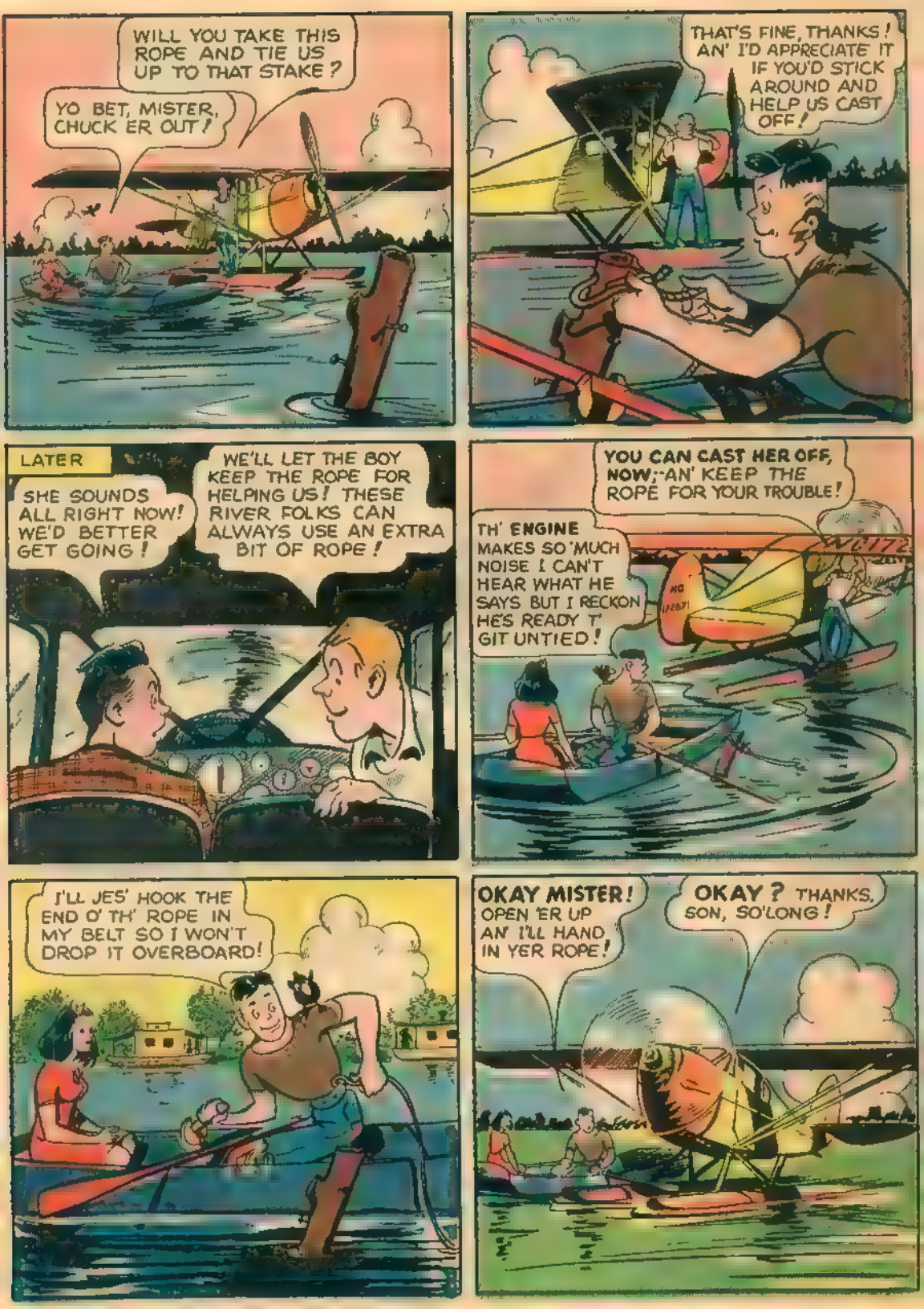
HANGING O'ER THE RAIL OF THE 'GOLDEN HERRING' SMOOCH IS OCCUPIED------
GOL!
BOP!
WOP
CHOP!
WILL THOSE PIRATES BE SURPRISED! SAY HAS ANYBODY SEEN SMOOCH?
HERE I AM MARCO!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE ON OUR SHIP?
GULP! WHAT'S GOING ON, ON THIS ONE?
HALP! THIS TUB IS SINKING!
KEEP ON FIGHTING, GENTS! DON'T LET US STOP YOU!
IT'S THAT FAT FELLOW! THIS IS HIS DOING!
WELL, SO LONG! WE'LL LEAVE YOU A BOAT! SEE YOU AGAIN SOMETIME!
I NEEDN'T ADD, WE'LL BE INVOLVED IN ANOTHER MESS NEXT MONTH! WE HOPE YOU'LL BE WITH US!

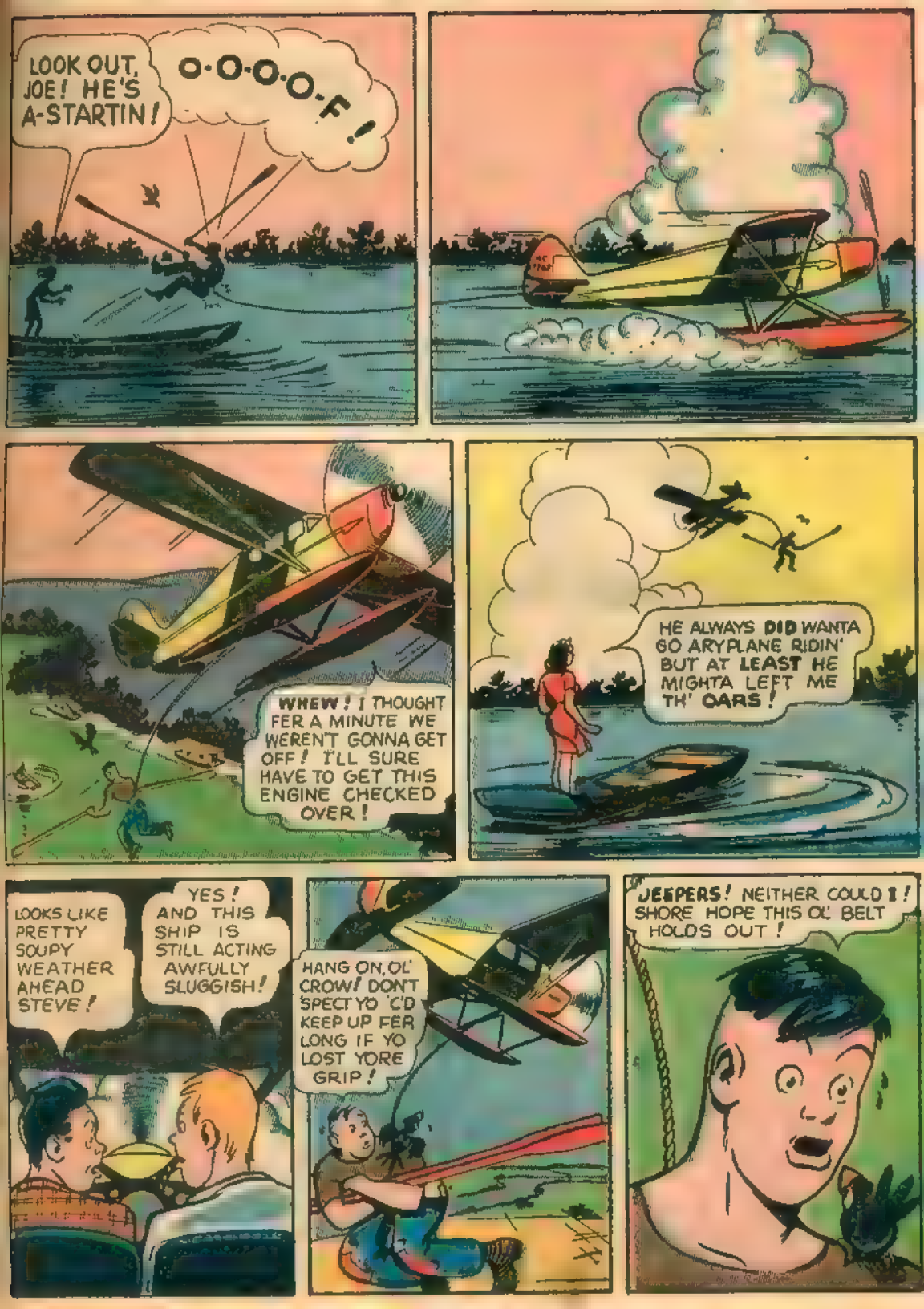
Catfish Joe

LOOK, JOE! THAT **ARYPLANE** IS A-COMIN' RIGHT AT US!
By LARRY HARRIS



SORRY I SCARED YOU! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME REPAIRS AND LANDED NEAR SO YOU COULD HELP ME TIE UP!
WE WARN'T SCAIRT, MISTER! I **ALWAYS** GO FER A SWIM 'BOUT THIS TIME O'DAY!


WILL YOU TAKE THIS ROPE AND TIE US UP TO THAT STAKE?
YO BET, MISTER, CHUCK ER OUT!
THAT'S FINE, THANKS! AN' I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU'D STICK AROUND AND HELP US CAST OFF!
LATER
SHE SOUNDS ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'D BETTER GET GOING!
WE'LL LET THE BOY KEEP THE ROPE FOR HELPING US! THESE RIVER FOLKS CAN ALWAYS USE AN EXTRA BIT OF ROPE!
YOU CAN CAST HER OFF, NOW;-AN' KEEP THE ROPE FOR YOUR TROUBLE!
TH' ENGINE MAKES SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T HEAR WHAT HE SAYS BUT I RECKON HE'S READY T' GIT UNTIED!
I'LL JES' HOOK THE END O' TH' ROPE IN MY BELT SO I WON'T DROP IT OVERBOARD!
OKAY MISTER! OPEN 'ER UP AN' I'LL HAND IN YER ROPE!
OKAY? THANKS, SON, SO'LONG!


LOOK OUT, JOE! HE'S A-STARTIN!
O-O-O-O-O-F!
WHEW! I THOUGHT FER A MINUTE WE WEREN'T GONNA GET OFF! I'LL SURE HAVE TO GET THIS ENGINE CHECKED OVER!
HE ALWAYS DID WANTA GO ARYPLANE RIDIN' BUT AT LEAST HE MIGHTA LEFT ME TH' OARS!
LOOKS LIKE PRETTY SOUPY WEATHER AHEAD STEVE!
YES! AND THIS SHIP IS STILL ACTING AWFULLY SLUGGISH!
HANG ON, OL' CROW! DON'T SPECT YO 'C'D KEEP UP FER LONG IF YO LOST YORE GRIP!
JEEPERS! NEITHER COULD I! SHORE HOPE THIS OL' BELT HOLDS OUT!

THERE'S THE MURKY MOUNTAINS AHEAD! THINK SHE'LL CLEAR THEM RIDGES?
NC172
I DUNNO! CAN'T FIGGER OUT WHAT AILS TH' OLD CRATE!
THIS ARYPLANE RIDIN' IS MIGHTY PLEASENT! -'CEPTIN' THEY'S ONE THING KEEPS A-BOTHERIN' ME SOMEWHAT--I KEEP WONDERIN' WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO ME WHEN THEY LAND!
THERE'S A LAKE! I'M GONNA LAND AN' HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AT TH' MOTOR!
HEY!
OH, OH! CAN'T SET DOWN IN THAT MESS!
HANG ON THAR OL' CROW! SORRY I BUMPED YO OFF BACK YONDER!
WE'RE GONNA SHAVE TH' TOP OF THAT MOUNTAIN PRETTY DURN CLOSE!
NC 17287
YEAH! AN' LOOK AT TH' CLOUDS WE'RE HEADIN' INTO!
ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN-
YESSIR! ZEB MAKES TH' BEST LIKKER THET EVER BURNED TH' CORK OUTTA A JUG!
YO BET! (GLUB GLUB)
I'M MIGHTY PROUD T'HEAR YO SAY T!

JOE AND OL' CROW HANG OUT BELOW THE CLOUDS!
HOWDY, FOLKS!
A OL' CROW!
CARRYIN' A FELLER!
ON A ROPE!
IT'S PLUM PIZEN!
'TAINT FIT FER MAN ER BEAST!
I'LL NEVER MAKE ANOTHER DROP!
ON THE NEXT MOUNTAIN!
THUNDER-ATION! IT'S A SPIRIT?
BAM!
DON'T TRY NO TRICKS, HANT! I GOT YO KIVVERED!
I HAINT NO HANT, MISTER!
THEY HAINT NO NATCHRAL MAN KIN FLY AROUND IN TH' AIR LIKE THAT!
I GOT HOOKED ON A ARYPLANE AN' I'M GLAD YO SHOT ME DOWN! WHERE AT ARE WE MISTER?
TAITERHEAD!

YER ON BUNGSNORT MOUNTAIN NEAR TH' TOWN OF BUNGSNORT KAINTUCKY! I'M OL' COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S CARETAKER AN' I RECKON YORE JES' TH' MAN I BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER!
HOW COME YO BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER ME?
WELL YO SEE I GOT A SPELL O' ROOMATIZ THAT'S BEEN A-KEEPIN' ME FROM TAKIN' PROPER CARE O' TH' OL COLONEL!
AN' NOW THEY'S A PINE TREE A-GROWIN' ON HIS NOSE WHICH I'D LIKE FER YO T' CLIMB OUT AN' CHOP IT OFF!
A PINE TREE ON HIS NOSE! (OH OH! TH' OL' COOT'S CRAZY AS A WATER BUG! RECKON I'D BETTER NOT GIT HIM STIRRED UP!)
CAW-HA!
WHY SHORE, MISTER! WHERE IS TH' OL' GENT? I'D BE GLAD T' CHOP TH' PINE TREE OFFEN HIS NOSE!
YO, WILL!?
GOSH, THANKS, SON! YORE A-STANDIN' RIGHT ON TOP O' COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S HAID!
LOOKS LIKE JOE'S IN FOR A REAL JOB! SEE NEXT MONTH'S PEP FOR THIS UNUSUAL ADVENTURE!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
WHO ARE CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS? WHAT HAVE THEIR PAST LIVES BEEN LIKE BEFORE THEY BECAME THE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION THEY ARE? THIS IS A TALE THAT WILL ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS!!
by IRV NOVICK

AS OUR STORY OPENS, A COMMANDO UNIT IS BEING TRANSPORTED TO ENEMY SOIL ON A MISSION HAZARDOUS AS ANY THEY HAVE EVER UNDERTAKEN!
NOW REMEMBER YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WHEN WE 'CHUTE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!
WOW! CAP, LOOK! A FLOCK OF NAZI FIGHTER PLANES!
OUTNUMBERED AND OUT-MANEUVERED THE BOMBING TRANSPORTS BATTLE HEROICALLY TO WARD OFF THE FOE--!!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S SHIP IS HIT BY A BURST OF CANNONFIRE FROM A MESSERSCHMITT---
WE'RE ON FIRE! BAIL OUT!
HURRY IT UP, FLATBUSH!
QUIT SHOVIN', POICY! YA DON'T GET NO RAIN-CHECK ON DIS, YA KNOW!
JUST AS BILLY PREPARES TO JUMP, NAZI BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK IN HIS CHUTE!
OFF WITH IT! QUICK, LAD! YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO DOUBLE UP!

LOOK HANS! CLAY DUCKS!
JA! I T'INK I E PLAY MIT DEM A VHILE BEFORE VE SHOOT DEM DOWN!
THE BEASTLY COWARDS! THEY'RE GOING TO GUN US!
IT'S COLD BLOOD ED MURDER!
AND IN THE BRIEF MOMENT LEFT TO HIM, CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S MIND RACES INTO THE PAST!
AND HE RELIVES AN EPISODE IN HIS LIFE--AN EPISODE ETCHED INDELIBLY IN HIS BRAIN!
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!
DAD! LOOKS LIKE OUR COUNTRY'S HEADED FOR THE WAR!
NO USE WORRYING ABOUT IT, BILLY! IT'S NO CONCERN OF MINE!
MY TAILOR GIVES ME ENOUGH TROUBLE, CONFOUND HIM! I DISTINCTLY TOLD HIM I WANTED NO PADDING ON THE SHOULDER!
YES! I SUPPOSE THAT IS MORE IMPORTANT, DAD!
MY OWN SON, ASHAMED OF ME! THINKS I'M AN EMPTY-HEADED PLAYBOY! IF ONLY I COULD TELL HIM THE TRUTH!
I TELL YOU, OLD MAN, YOU CHAPS ARE NEXT ON THAT, BLIGHTER, HITLER'S LIST!
NONSENSE! WE AMERICANS ARE TOO FAR AWAY!

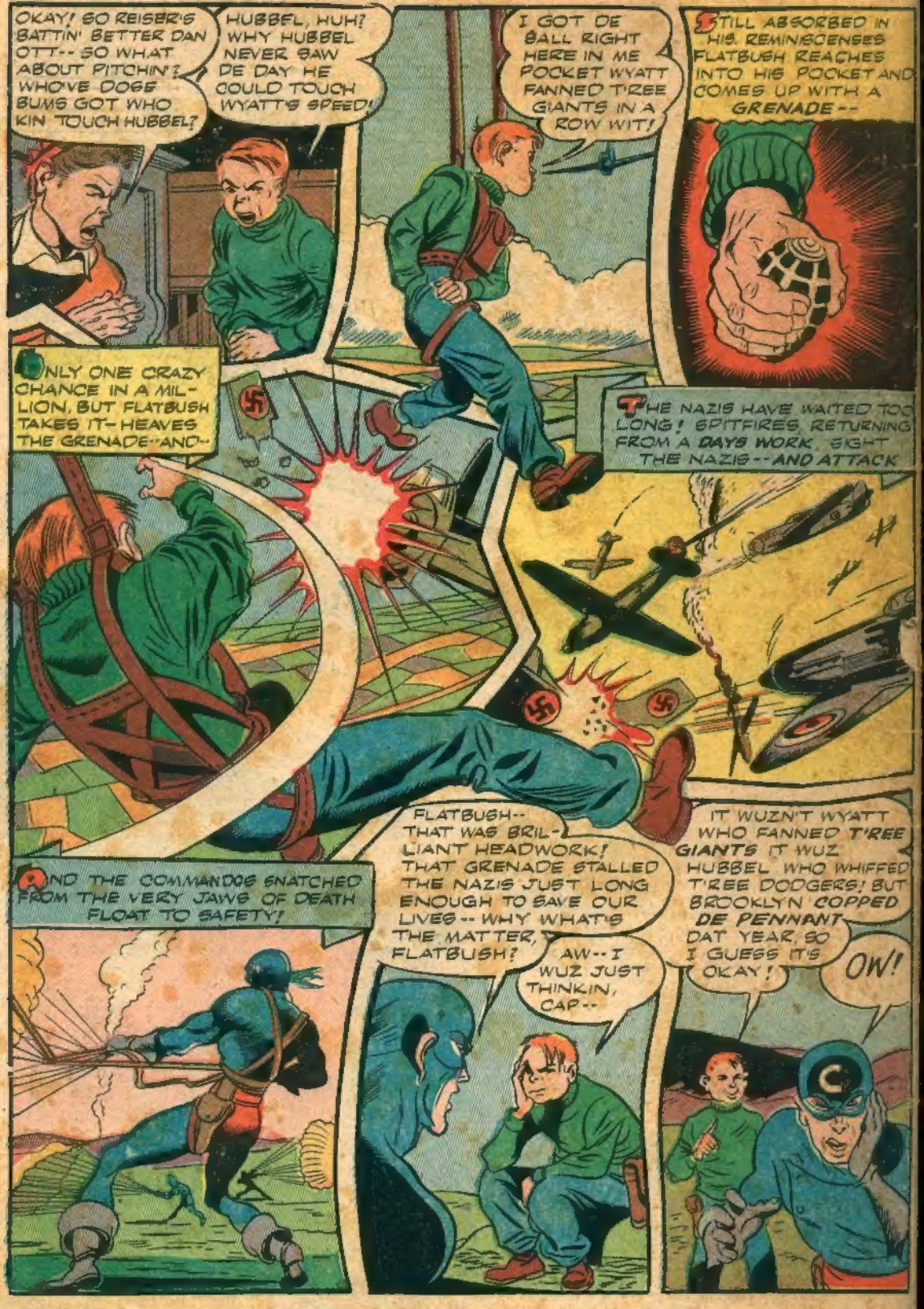
COMPLACENCY! THAT'S OUR GREATEST FOE! (SNIFF, SNIFF) WHAT'S THAT? SMELLS LIKE SMOKE!
A FIRE! AND BILLY IS UPSTAIRS! HE'LL BE TRAPPED!
PASSED OUT! I DIDN'T GET HERE A SECOND TOO SOON!
MY SON! MY SON! IF ONLY I COULD TELL YOU I'M A SECRET SERVICE OPERATIVE FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!
IF ONLY I COULD--WHA--WHAT AM I SAYING--I-I MUST HAVE BEEN DAYDREAMING!
DON'T WORRY, DAD! YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING I DIDN'T KNOW!
YOU SEE! I WASN'T COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS THAT NIGHT--AND I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID!
YOU-YOU MEAN YOU NEVER WERE ASHAMED OF ME!
ASHAMED? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW PROUD I'VE BEEN OF THE SWELLEST, BRAVEST FATHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD! AND HOW PROUD I AM TO DIE WITH YOU THIS WAY!

IN THAT SAME BRIEF MOMENT PERCY'S THOUGHTS ARE ALSO WINGS SOARING INTO THE PAST!
YOU AWSK ME WOT I THINKS, MASTER PERCIVAL? I THINK YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST LAD IN ALL ENGLAND, BLIMEY!
I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT THORNDYKE! AFTER ALL I AM THE SON OF THE EARL OF LOTHAR, RICHEST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!
BUT I'D TRADE IT ALL FOR--THORN-DYKE, STOP THE CAR!
I SAY THERE, OLD MAN! THAT'S A RATHER SMALLISH CHAP YOU'RE HITTING!
AND WHO'S THE BLOKE WOT'S GONNA STOP ME!
MAYBE YOU, YA BLEEDIN' TOFF!
I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED!
BLAM
GORBLIMEY! Y'KNOCKED THE BLOOMIN' STINKER OUT!
AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL, PERCIVAL?
SPLENDID, PATER! I HAD A MOST ROUS-ING FISTICUFF ENGAGEMENT!

VERY NICE! I--UH-- SPLAT-- DID YOU SAY YOU WERE FIGHTING?
WHY YES--AND A DEUCED GOOD LESSON I TAUGHT THAT BULLY, TOO! IT WAS A HIGHLY ENJOYABLE EXPERIENCE!
NOW SEE HERE PERCIVAL, I WON'T HAVE YOU BRAWLING LIKE A COMMON STREET LOUT, DASH IT!
BUT-- BUT-- PATER!
WHERE IS YOUR BREEDING? WE LOTHARS JUST DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING! FIGHTING! UGH!
YOUR LORDSHIP, LOOK!
MY WORD!
WAR DECLARED
HOW BEASTLY! HOWEVER I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANYTHING YOU COULD DO ABOUT IT! FIGHTING'S NOT THE LOTHAR TRADITION, IS IT?
I--UH-- DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT!
BUT--BUT YOU JUST SAID--
NEVER MIND WHAT I JUST SAID! THIS IS DIFFERENT! I AM ENLISTING RIGHT NOW! YOU'LL HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THINGS, M'LAD!
THE HUNS GOT TO YOU PATER! JUST AS THEY'RE GOING TO GET TO ME! BUT WE LOTHARS ARE FIGHTERS AFTER ALL, AREN'T WE!
NO ARMAND---
AU REVOIR MES COMRADES! I'VE DONE MY SMALL PACT AGAINST LE BOCHE AS I VOWED I WOULD THAT DAY EEN SCHOOL!

---EET WAS IN PROFESSEUR BERGERET'S HISTORY CLASS! LA BELLE FRANCE HAD ALREADY FALLEN! THAT DAY THE DOOR OPENED AND---
HEIL HITLER!
I AM DER NEW MINISTER FOR EDUCATION! YOU MAY PROCEED MIT DER LESSON--PRETEND DOT I AM NOT IN DER ROOM--PROCEED!
OUI! AS YOU WISH!
IN 1939 FRANCE, WAS AGAIN, AS IN 1914 INVADED BY THE GERMANS!
SHTOP! SHTOP! LIES--ALL LIES!
CHERMANY NEFFER INVADES! VE ONLY ENTERED TO PROTECT YOU FROM DER BOLSHEVIKS UND DER PLUTOCRATS! HERR BERGERET IT IS SO EASY TO SEE THAT YOU ARE A BAD INFLUENCE ON DESE CHILDREN! THE GESTAPO KNOWS HOW TO DEAL MIT YOU!
MY FATHER DECIDED TO DIE FIGHTING RATHER THAN BE A NAZI SLAVE! ONE NIGHT, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF OUR VILLAGERS, WE QUIETLY RIGGED UP A BOAT UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF THE BOCHE!
ALMOST AT THE LAST SECOND WE WERE DISCOVERED---
SET SAIL, COMRADES! I WEEL TAKE CARE OF THESE BEASTS!
NO, NO, ARMAND! WE CANNOT TURN BACK! YOUR FATHER IS GIVING HIS LIFE SO THAT WE MAY LIVE AND FIGHT FOR FRANCE!
AND NOW I GIVE MY LIFE, PAPA, SO THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE AND FIGHT FOR OUR BELOVED COUNTRY! VIVE LA FRANCE!

HA, HA, I HAFF NEFFER HAD SO MUCH FUN! DEY ARE ALL DYING A TOUSAND DEATHS VHILE I PLAY MIT DEM! NOW I SEND A FEW BURSTS ALL AROUND DEM BEFORE I FINISH DEM OFF!
DE DOITY BUM IS TORTURING US! HE'S WOISE DEN DAT GIANT FAN WHO WUZ SITTIN' NEXT TO ME IN DAT CROOSHUL SERIES BACK IN DEAR OLD FLATBUSH!
C'MON, PETE! KNOCK DE APPLE OUTTA DE PARK!
PHOOEY! DON'T WASTE NO TIME WID DAT BUM, CARL! GIVE 'IM DE WHIFF!
LOOK, GOON! YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT PETE REISER DE BEST BLUGGER IN DE NATIONAL LEAGUE, SEE!
IZZAGO! DAT BUM COULDN'T HIT A PING PONG BALL WID A TENNIS RACKET! NOW YOU TAKE MEL OTT--
YOU TAKE HIM, YA LUG!
GO TO EBBET'S FIELD-- A COUPLE OF KIDS HAVE STARTED A RIOT! PULL THEM IN!
THE CULPRITS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE JUDGE---
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, GENTLEMEN?
DIS GUY'S A DOITY GIANT FAN, YER HONOR! A TRAITOR TO FLATBUSH!
YEAH! AN' I STILL SAY REISER COULDN'T CARRY OTT'S BAT, SEE!
YOU'RE NUTS! REISER'S HITTING 342-- ER--AH-- I MEAN, YOU LADS WAIT IN MY CHAMBER WHERE I --HARRUMPH-- CAN TAKE THIS MATTER UP IN GREATER DETAIL!


OKAY! SO REISER'S BATTIN' BETTER DAN OTT-- SO WHAT ABOUT PITCHIN'? WHO'VE DOGE BUMS GOT WHO KIN TOUCH HUBBEL?
HUBBEL, HUH? WHY HUBBEL NEVER SAW DE DAY HE COULD TOUCH WYATT'S SPEED!
I GOT DE BALL RIGHT HERE IN ME POCKET WYATT FANNED T'REE GIANTS IN A ROW WIT!
STILL ABSORBED IN HIS REMINISCENSES FLATBUSH REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND COMES UP WITH A GRENADE--
ONLY ONE CRAZY CHANCE IN A MILLION, BUT FLATBUSH TAKES IT- HEAVES THE GRENADE--AND--
THE NAZIS HAVE WAITED TOO LONG! SPITFIRES, RETURNING FROM A DAYS WORK, SIGHT THE NAZIS--AND ATTACK
AND THE COMMANDOS SNATCHED FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH FLOAT TO SAFETY!
FLATBUSH-- THAT WAS BRILLIANT HEADWORK! THAT GRENADE STALLED THE NAZIS JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SAVE OUR LIVES -- WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER, FLATBUSH?
AW-- I WUZ JUST THINKIN, CAP--
IT WUZN'T WYATT WHO FANNED T'REE GIANTS IT WUZ HUBBEL WHO WHIFFED T'REE DODGERS! BUT BROOKLYN COPPED DE PENNANT DAT YEAR, SO I GUESS IT'S OKAY!
OW!

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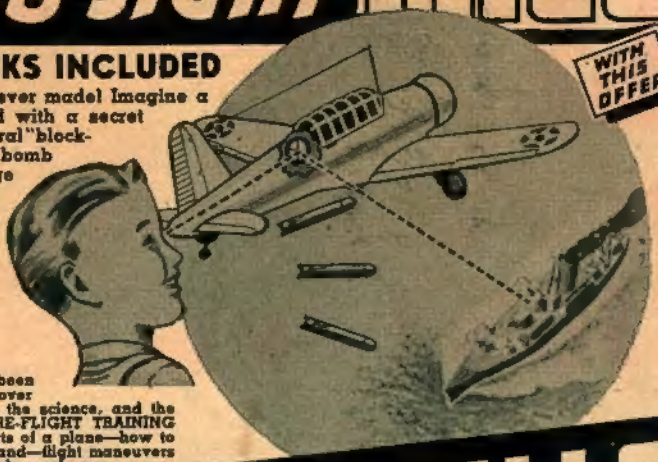

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